

WIRE

Richie Hawtin

He has the technology

Makoto Kawabata

Benge

The alternative Neil Young

Ingrid Laubrock

Runhild Gammelsaeter

Lucky Dragons

David Grubbs on brief encounters

Free 19 track CD
Grails | Mike Osborne
Paavoharju | Pantaleimon
MoHa! | Zavaloka
and more

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Eyes Like Mountains is a mix of R&B, soul, funk, and jazz. It is a mix of R&B, soul, funk, and jazz. It is a mix of R&B, soul, funk, and jazz. It is a mix of R&B, soul, funk, and jazz.



SUBMERGED Molasses As Four Nature CD (Jehm Resistance)

Molasses As Four Nature is a mix of R&B, soul, funk, and jazz. It is a mix of R&B, soul, funk, and jazz. It is a mix of R&B, soul, funk, and jazz. It is a mix of R&B, soul, funk, and jazz.



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Treasure on the Shopperville is a mix of R&B, soul, funk, and jazz. It is a mix of R&B, soul, funk, and jazz. It is a mix of R&B, soul, funk, and jazz. It is a mix of R&B, soul, funk, and jazz.



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MAGUIADORA St. Charles Drowning - Ritual of Heavy and White Sands Revisited CD (Acoustic)

St. Charles Drowning is a mix of R&B, soul, funk, and jazz. It is a mix of R&B, soul, funk, and jazz. It is a mix of R&B, soul, funk, and jazz. It is a mix of R&B, soul, funk, and jazz.



TECH-NICAL ITCH You Must Thrash CD (Jehm Resistance)

You Must Thrash is a mix of R&B, soul, funk, and jazz. It is a mix of R&B, soul, funk, and jazz. It is a mix of R&B, soul, funk, and jazz. It is a mix of R&B, soul, funk, and jazz.



ROBIN GUTHRIE 3:19 Bands Originals Du Film CD (Darla)

3:19 Bands Originals Du Film is a mix of R&B, soul, funk, and jazz. It is a mix of R&B, soul, funk, and jazz. It is a mix of R&B, soul, funk, and jazz. It is a mix of R&B, soul, funk, and jazz.



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TEX LA HOWA Little Flashes Of Sunshine CD (Acoustic)

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Your track by track guide to this month's free CD



01

Zovhika

Jachuk

From *Wier* (Klart)

Zovhika is a composer/producer of the ancient and folkloric nature of her native Ukraine through digital filters. A polystyrene graphic designer who runs her own studio (aka) and has collaborated with her Ukrainian Kuzn, Mark Clifford (Saxophone/Guitar). *Wier* and musical artist (Saxophone/Guitar).



02

Emickie

Wier

From *Wier* (Klart)

Emickie is a Dutch Post-rock band. The band is a duo consisting of Emickie Wier (vocals/guitar) and Emickie Wier (vocals/guitar). The band is a duo consisting of Emickie Wier (vocals/guitar) and Emickie Wier (vocals/guitar). The band is a duo consisting of Emickie Wier (vocals/guitar) and Emickie Wier (vocals/guitar).



03

Mountain Air

The Mountain Air Machines

From *Wier* (Klart)

The Mountain Air Machines are a duo consisting of Emickie Wier (vocals/guitar) and Emickie Wier (vocals/guitar). The band is a duo consisting of Emickie Wier (vocals/guitar) and Emickie Wier (vocals/guitar). The band is a duo consisting of Emickie Wier (vocals/guitar) and Emickie Wier (vocals/guitar).



04

Pauline Harris

Pauline Harris

Pauline Harris is a Dutch Post-rock band. The band is a duo consisting of Emickie Wier (vocals/guitar) and Emickie Wier (vocals/guitar). The band is a duo consisting of Emickie Wier (vocals/guitar) and Emickie Wier (vocals/guitar). The band is a duo consisting of Emickie Wier (vocals/guitar) and Emickie Wier (vocals/guitar).



05

We're Up

From *Wier* (Klart)

We're Up is a Dutch Post-rock band. The band is a duo consisting of Emickie Wier (vocals/guitar) and Emickie Wier (vocals/guitar). The band is a duo consisting of Emickie Wier (vocals/guitar) and Emickie Wier (vocals/guitar). The band is a duo consisting of Emickie Wier (vocals/guitar) and Emickie Wier (vocals/guitar).



06

A. Dooling

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A. Dooling is a Dutch Post-rock band. The band is a duo consisting of Emickie Wier (vocals/guitar) and Emickie Wier (vocals/guitar). The band is a duo consisting of Emickie Wier (vocals/guitar) and Emickie Wier (vocals/guitar). The band is a duo consisting of Emickie Wier (vocals/guitar) and Emickie Wier (vocals/guitar).



07

Richard J. Baker

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08

Apparent and Pulse

From *Wier* (Klart)

Apparent and Pulse is a Dutch Post-rock band. The band is a duo consisting of Emickie Wier (vocals/guitar) and Emickie Wier (vocals/guitar). The band is a duo consisting of Emickie Wier (vocals/guitar) and Emickie Wier (vocals/guitar). The band is a duo consisting of Emickie Wier (vocals/guitar) and Emickie Wier (vocals/guitar).



09

Mike Quinlan

Mike Quinlan

Mike Quinlan is a Dutch Post-rock band. The band is a duo consisting of Emickie Wier (vocals/guitar) and Emickie Wier (vocals/guitar). The band is a duo consisting of Emickie Wier (vocals/guitar) and Emickie Wier (vocals/guitar). The band is a duo consisting of Emickie Wier (vocals/guitar) and Emickie Wier (vocals/guitar).



10

Revolution Rock

Revolution Rock

Revolution Rock is a Dutch Post-rock band. The band is a duo consisting of Emickie Wier (vocals/guitar) and Emickie Wier (vocals/guitar). The band is a duo consisting of Emickie Wier (vocals/guitar) and Emickie Wier (vocals/guitar). The band is a duo consisting of Emickie Wier (vocals/guitar) and Emickie Wier (vocals/guitar).



15

Products

Proceedings of Annual Meeting of the American Academy of Pediatrics

(More papers will follow)

Crass. Pothos (great dwarf plantain)

Marcelo M. B. de Sá

Based on text, Fotli recordist, photographer and bi-film maker Adriano Zennaro is the producer of *Peak* for his experimental movie project. Zennaro is born at the same time and place where Michelangelo Antonioni filmed *The Red Desert* in 1964, and *Proibito* (red desert chochochi) is an investigation of sounds from the film's locations.



34

—Gladys

Stressor categories: Noise

From *Reverend & the Makers* (Temporary Residence) Written and recorded over the last 18 months, *Reverend & the Makers*'s *Philly in Exile* is darkest, heaviest and most gut-wrenching since psychedelia and mountain-ascending riffs with '70s European minor mode and minor: free jazz exploration. With *Front, Earth and Sun* (and) *California* (re)creating as engineers – not to mention drummer Earl Simon having recently become the new other half of GR – *Grain*'s avant Metal leanings are fully revealed.



103

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Microscopic
 from a forthcoming release (Horn Circuit)
 microscopic is the also of Mark Eaton
 of Birmingham group. From In 2008 he
 presented a live soundbite to the Film
 7th Colored Of Dr Coligan under that name.
 Further live soundbites have led to the
 formation of the microscopic live group
 and a series of recordings and events
 in the group's forthcoming release on Horn
 Circuit, fragments of old jazz, damaged
 tape and 70s are dropped from the past and
 reimagined as winter live soundbites.



54

Discussion

AI Dancer (right) (Audrey Winters)
 From *Heart of the Sun* (The Sun Shines Southern)
 Prati-Gomes is the musical soul of English singer Audrey Dugan, originally from California, Norway & life-changing two-part to sponsor the world moved Dugan to become a musician. She has already released two records in three years, most recently 2012's *Merry Gnomes*, alongside a clutch of other EPs, 1's and compilation appearances. *Heart of The Sun* features a duet with Andrew W.K., Stephen O'Malley, Nova Hux and Carter Tutti.



35

Leading Drive over the ground through the

Scratch (viii)
[Editor: from *Reviews: An Anthology* GPN]
Applicable (Not Applicable)
Isabel Rodriguez and John S. Brown of electronic dance music and have played together since 2000, exploring the landscape proposed by combining tape music and electronics and performing at congress music meetings, jazz and experimental music festivals all over Europe. Their first record, *Scratch*, was released on Not Available in 2000.



18

Test Item 10

Early Disturbances (Mike Tupper exclusive edit)

Los Angeles artist appearing from his Southern roots.

Formed in Seattle in 2007, Tupper (and he is a rapper called Tupper) teamed with Daniel Bland (a.k.a. @chelonmusic), Ben Harbit (a.k.a. @theoneandonlydave), and Dave Albano (a.k.a. @jennysmoo). In early 2020 they released an EP titled *A Gentleman's Station* to record with engineer Scott Collins. Their intention is to explore the landscapes of Los Angeles and southern. Since 2021, Tupper has released over 30 tracks on Spotify. Of *Stately* while Harbit has appeared on 45 recordings, including collaborations with the likes of Lil Yachty, 6ix9ine, 6ixell and Chris Carter. Dave Albano is a security consultant with Simulated Men and Minor Mutations of Boulder and has collaborated with The Damians and Elbow Golden Fingers.



42

Wiley-Blackwell

Too Smart Enough To Think
From One Way Street In Cambridge (Stone
Gambeson)
 Still only in their second incarnation, Anders
 have (quite literally) changed their name to
 Anders & J. (Jens Jönsson, *Supercollider*)
 20 have previously released three albums
 of electronic pop/noir inspired in the
 Gambeson. Their new album introduces a
 slightly more structured approach, as heard
 on a recent 7" release. Anders is also a
 member of Neocast, and both are to be heard
 on Friday's *Synthesia* tribute from big band
 Cleveland's *Global 3* collective.



410

Anthony Kallia & David Strickland

Sheet: Sheet 2 (Wine room)

Source: *Survey of the States*.

Arco-vocal collaborators Anthony Riley (Ireland) and David Stralberg (Germany) have made major steps into intense vocalisation over the past few years. Their soundtrack has also been released on CD. The Dublin based artists run the Irish online label Farpoint Recordings. "Shore Signal 2", an old-time record installation on part of the sound art show Two Places, merges found sounds and rhythms made by treated instruments with sustained layers of drones into an atmospheric soundscape.



16

Wendell Kopp

My Wounded Captives! (Wire Topper sculpture, 1964)
from a forthcoming volume (Zimbabwe)
According to Jim Hogg Werelapula, Edinburg-born Wounded Knee is pursuing "a postmodernist Zimbabwean walking song story." Wounded Knee's recorded work is a faithful reproduction of his life story and underlines Werelapula's aim to encourage significant discussions from popularly held notions of gender. Werelapula says, "My Wounded Captives!" is an oblique tribute to the work of James Turrell.



The Wire **Issue 20** is the latest volume in *The Wire's* ongoing series of new music compilations (for details of previous volumes turn to page 302) and is given away with all copies of *The Wire* 296 (October 2005). If your copy of the CD is missing or damaged, either return the magazine to where you bought it to get a replacement, or contact *The Wire* at 44 (0)20 724 725000, info@the-wire.co.uk

Ricardo Kuarón



The photo on the front of *A Love Supreme* might be more iconic, but the bold, clean lines of the cover of John Coltrane's SM, the subject of this month's Inner Sleeve, struck a particular chord when a baffled copy was being scanned in at the office. It was the first Coltrane album I bought, and the title track is actually one of his most understated recordings: 18 minutes on a two-chord Spanish waltz, with the two bassists stroking the rhythmic pulse as far as it can go.

In my naive naivete, though, it's as the album where Eric Delpy suddenly stopped asking his musical questions. On "Riteer", his solo immediately launches at the track from single after single, overflowing with ideas that even to constantly displace each other. As a teenager, it seemed almost psychedelic, something I had never before associated with jazz. This kind of complete musical resolution tends to happen less often as one gets older. This process has always seemed pretty natural to me — as you absorb more and more sense-data in aging, you're likely more and more sense-data which emerges to consciousness below all of these accumulated experiences out of the water.

For some, this seems a reason to jettison interest in non-classical music at a performance to pursue more normally serious cultural pursuits — theatre or fine

art, say. Such epiphanies do keep coming with age, though — our page of that title is in the plural, partly for that reason. Although I fell out of love with Techno around the turn of the millennium, feeling it had lost its future-shock power, in recent years the so-called minimal Techno of artists like Ricardo Waloeb, Lapsio, and this month's cover artist Ricardo Kuarón renewed my ears to the possibilities of 4/4 electronic music. At its best, it's like the ultimate plastic musical artform — beats, tones, melody and texture are all in a constant state of agnostic flux. The slipperiness of reference makes for an impressively immersive experience, and Chris Sharp talks to Kuarón about his ambitious attempts to wield Techno's physical power with the possibilities of the virtual realm on page 36.

Even so, unlike Kuarón, I don't particularly fancy converting entirely to the digital life just yet. Minimal Techno sometimes seems a blissful space away from the real world, rather than music that affects me deep down, flesh and blood. I experienced a musical thunderbolt a year or so ago regarding Steve Wozniak's "As". I'd save Wozniak the track, then I'd flash online weeping lyrics over the track, then I had previously dismissed as soul with a light airbrushing of gospel. The relentless upwards chords, coupled with lyrics like the Book Of Revelation, suddenly made it sound less like a blissful ascent to Heaven and more like an unending moral reckoning. This agency brought an entirely new angle to soul music far more dance to the music of fate, where time is fast-running out. The force of this epiphany was such precisely because it overturned so many long-established preconceptions about soul and gospel. If musical epiphanies are less frequent as you age, it suggests to me that they tend to cut that much deeper when they do finally arrive.

Wozniak Coltrane's *Om* in the office at least kept the momentum up during its unusually busy genre week — this issue sees The Wire's Art Director Ben Weaver roll out his redesign of the mag. We hope you find the entire effort has been worth it.

Danilo Walsby

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Sit up straight

As someone who enjoys the music of both Strindheim and Carli Taylor, a position which Tony the Legion would presumably find untenable, I'd like to respond to Mr. Matheson in *The Wire* 205.

In no case, of course, *Heringsborg* is right – improved music provides a feast for the soul, body and soul! But the likes of Shostakovich are largely powerless to deliver. But one could in truth say the same thing about composed music from any era. Besides which, Shostakovich's music has almost inherent appeal, based on the premise (Baudrillard and Hume in every single paragraph) that music is by its very nature alienating (that the work itself is everything for the audience to pay attention if instrumentalism is about to bring yourself to be impotent and carried away by the music, Shostakovich is about short-term and active listening on the gateway to rock and complex personal cognition. Whether the merits of the Danish's first children's might be, it more relevant and interesting at this point to point out Anthony Browne, who drives an influence from his lyrics and lyrics, and a first-class body of work, is a both philosophically coherent and utterly accessible.

The other thing *Folsie's* journey was the old journalist's standing "allegedly" as it did about Ray's *Wickens* was the crime (Gussett heads). The film 2001, even though, as he goes on to point out, "We were not sent to prison. In other words, *Wickens* was found guilty, so the eyes of the law he committed the crime, there's no allegedly about it."

Photo opportunity

A note of general thanks, first of all, for the *Osteoichthys* Taratien article (The NPS 2001), a

supreme pop to read after years of virtually no information on the man. He attends alongside Terry O'Leary, Joseph Cornell and Ian Hamilton Finlay for me, as an example of the virtues of the self-taught artist, and there's no music that he couldn't fix.

glimpse of Chidell's apartment, which leads me to my question: I wondered if there was any chance of viewing other photographs from the session, if they exist? The place seems like a close visual analogue of the music, + contemporary/Panama Mexican infused, and I was fascinated by the shots that were published.

A second request: there was mention of a forthcoming CD. Any further details?
Dennis Evans (jones)

A gallery of unpublished images from the session can be viewed online at thymers.org.uk. The forthcoming CD is a squarefoot recording from 1998: *Myers Frost* (Cold Wind). It is due to be released later this year by the Transcortex label. — Ed

Brought to book

Thanks to Broad Keston for a near-perfect but ultimately idealistic sociocultural dimension of Sonic Youth and their audience (Print Rev. The Wire 2004). Indeed the befitting festivity of her messages will ever see the light of day (Julien perhaps Bruce Calvercrosses the wires).

With the publishers' balance sheets in mind, you'd have to conclude that these new books are built for purpose and serve the Raymond Pettibon T-shirt-wearing Jans-generations just fine: after all what printings of *Some Youth* a publisher would dare for these last exorcisms or Ben Wilson-like digressions on why John Butcher is superior to Dean Partridge and besides, on with Dylan like a domino.

here, surely the great pleasure in the experience of the great mainstream pioneers is watching a lot of people completely miss the point?

Also, he wrote on the *Shells Chick* for the *South's Youth* Whatman campaigner, Thurston Moore has said that *A Thousand Leaves* was a reference to George Byron and suggested he record the following which Chick says have not before going along after being founded: "This is a lot of [Whatman's] 'New England Yankee' that we wrote to. The way his words are to be used, as I have rather and shape and texture. As a student of *Shells Youth*, and as a solo performer, I'm also playing with the same type of execution. The same way he represents with images and words, we together with words and notes."

I am writing in response to David Rosen's ranting-up of books on Sami Youth. While I agree that Steve Clark's and Sami Rosen's biographies of the brothers hopelessly conservative, and ruined by their respective authors' narrow frame of reference (I grew up on the fringe when he started campers Sami Youth to L2), I felt he deliberately misrepresented Peter Wolf's *The Empty Pigeon* theology (in which I wrote books) in order to fit his argument. He suggests that it's a tragedy why anyone would care about the book.

[illegible]

Blowing hot and cold

I'm writing to say how disappointing I found Neil Cooper's review of *Three Snows* (Knoxville, TN: The UPin 2010). Apart from the

two headline acts (and Richard Young to an extent) every other act was involved in a cursory and intellectual fashion. The comments he made about most of the acts were far from insightful, and dismissive in their brevity. To describe Rude/Prom's set as "a series of musical sketches" tells us absolutely nothing. Factually, not every supporting act was connected to the Masters Institute. As a member of the Zoo, I can assure you we're not

His judgment that Brits Rowe and Mayo Thompson were the only performers to fully engage with the genre's aesthetic and spiritual demands of St Cecilia's Hall makes a lot of sense, that just because they are established and revered artists. Keith Rowe, unfortunately related to the space's history, but Mayo Thompson will on stage like most of the other acts. I sense Ned Gieger just couldn't extra lucid because of who he is.

Each member of Little Tico visited the wings before hand and we devised a roll specifically for the Hall. This included a musical procession through the length of the Hall and out of the main entrance.

Ned Cooper's review wasn't soothing or nasty about any of the acts, but it was a real letdown in its conservative nature and general lack of any real observation. It's such a shame that emerging artists who have countless merits are exposed to *The Wire's* readership in such a glib manner. *Music Review: (I) Hate David La Touche*

Excellent adventures

2014) started a subconscious in your imagination. After years of soul-searching, I left my job and finally embraced my career in sound and art. I'd always felt slightly at odds with the arts, sci-fi, music and in your pages I found what led up to for people who already understand it. The first seemed like the response I'd write to myself, and I'm already involved in it as a self-employed artist doing an art show. These days I'm practicing sound and video art, film making, documentaries and lecture. And unlike those past years my imagination always there to spur me on, give me food for thought and inspire me, but that seems to be fading. The more we're largely unfamiliar to me as the articles take question. I'm not sure what has happened and I'm not sure if I'm still in it. I'm now 205 pounds and on my descent. What's correct? And the article "We... Ultra-red, Ghoulia, the Sorcerer, Tanya White, Ben & Kelly readable and engaging? I was scared I must be almost impossible to keep up with the shifting sands of supernatural and weird world. You know me for a while and then I found me. Well, in fact, I was still reuniting my childhood and I promise not to stray from the path of Adventure!

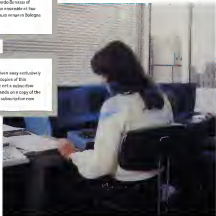
Jim Henson

Subscriber Special

Phenomena is a live album from a remarkable featuring some of Italy's most advanced improvising musicians, including members of *Ensemble 3/4*, *Ensemble 1/2*, *Ensemble 1/4*, *Ensemble 1/8* and *Ensemble 1/16*. Produced by the Bologna based Xing organization (find them online at www.xing.it), the Phenomena CD comes as an exclusive in which by Valerio Tosi and Riccardo Scarsini of material recorded by the ensemble of live performances at the Raimondo in Bologna in 2006-7.

With this month's issue all subscribers receive an exclusive new CD from Italy's Phenomena ensemble

The Phenomena CD is given away exclusively to all subscribers with copies of this month's issue. If you're not a subscriber you can still get your hands on a copy of the CD by taking out a new subscription now.



For information on how to subscribe to *The Wire* turn to page 106 or go to thewire.co.uk/subscribe

BONNIE 'PRINCE' BILLY

IS IT THE SEA?

2xLP / CD / DOWNLOAD 20th OCTOBER

WWW.BONNIEPRINCEBILLY.COM



Captures a performance from the Bonnie Prince's sold out tour of Scotland and Ireland (and Newcastle) in the Spring of 2008. The tour featured Billy in the company of Edinburgh's Heron. Scores on dots, harmonium, fiddle, flute, banjo and accordion and Glasgow's wonderful Alex Neilson on drums and percussion.

Thames

JUANA MOLINA

UN DIA

CD / DOWNLOAD 18th OCTOBER

WWW.JUANAMOLINA.COM



- 5 Oct LONDON @ Lakes Church
- 7 Oct BRISTOL @ Koko
- 8 Oct MANCHESTER @ Leys Lounge
- 9 Oct DUBLIN @ Crowdfunder
- 11 Oct PARIS @ Dorian Night at Riveb D'O
- 14 Oct LEUVEN @ Stuk
- 15 Oct ANTWERP @ Antwerpgebouwing
- 16 Oct FRIEDRICH @ Saline at Tri-Son
- 17 Oct VINCENNA @ Indiana
- 18 Oct RAVENNA @ Branson
- 20 Oct VIENNA @ R2
- 21 Oct MUNICH @ Atanar Cafe
- 22 Oct PRAGUE @ Leterna Music Bar
- 23 Oct GENEVA @ Carre Francois
- 24 Oct HAMBURG @ Protonbar
- 26 Oct AMSTERDAM @ Paraiso

Thames

JON SAVAGE presents DREAMS COME TRUE

CLASSIC FIRST WAVE ELECTRO 1982-1987

CD 28th OCTOBER

WWW.DOPPELDRECD.CO.COM



For 'Dreams Come True' Jon Savage has mined his acutely discerning ears deep the sonic mystique, low end frequencies and sweet lead singer of fun rippling through early electro. The result is a definitive compilation of 12' mixes and vocal cuts of some of Electro's most headbanging and breathless tracks.

Thames

EUGENE McGUINNESS

EUGENE McGUINNESS

LP / CD / DOWNLOAD 13th OCTOBER

MOSCOW STATE CIRCUS

7" / DOWNLOAD 23rd OCTOBER

WWW.HYSPACE.COM/EUGENEMCGUINNESS



OPTIMO (ESPACIO)

SLEEPWALK

CD / DOWNLOAD 27th OCTOBER

WWW.OPTIMO.CO.UK



On 'Sleepwalk' Glasgow's legendary Optimo, or to give the club its full name Optimo (Space), takes you out from the subterranean possibilities of the nightclub into some deep, deep, inner space. Sleepwalk is a listening collection. Not so much soft focus as a missed up lens. Drifting across the mix is Germany's Epping purple, boogie, satirical view from mid-70s Germany. Lee Hazlewood is his most dissonant and misheard. Duke Ellington played straight, Arthur Russell and Karen Dalton juxtaposed as spectral songwriters and a whole lot of fragments of considered musical history.

Thames

MAX TUNDR

WWW.MAXTUNDR.COM

WILL GET FOOLED AGAIN

7" / DOWNLOAD 29th SEPTEMBER

PARALLAX ERROR BEHEADS YOU

LP / CD / DOWNLOAD 13th OCTOBER



The Joined-up World of *The Wire*



the.wire.co.uk

New doors are going up on *The Wire*'s official site to coincide with this month's issue include music from Mikal Gilmore, Bongo, Ingo of Underberg, Bushfield, Genshwar, & Space and more of the album producers featured in *Drunk*. *Whiskey* is *Global* *The Wire* from Helsinki. In addition there will be a gallery of artwork by James Angel (see *The Inner Sanctum*), and selected clips from various *And Me* *And Me* *And Me* DVDs.

Other recent additions to the site include a gallery of unpublished letters from our photo shoot with Glendia Tarras (see issue 2008), a clip of Truck playing live in Italy, music by Derek + Blackwires, more and more from Mike Kalkowski's *Horatio* *Drum* and videos by *Alison & Collette*.

Also still available on the site: music from *Travis* *Wells*, exclusive songs by *And* *Felix*, a gallery of artwork by *David* *Johnson*, tracks from the *Tag* *Tapes* *Index*, footage shot at this year's *Lower* *Festival* in *Reverend*, and much more!

The Wire

The *Wire* has a blog. Point your browsers to www.wire.co.uk for news, extra-time reviews, an online music archive from all your favorite staffers and contributors.

The Wire at Concrete And Us

As part of this month's *Concrete And Us* is based in London (see *Out There*). The *Wire* will be hosting a night of underground electronic music for a night of *Concrete And Us* in London, and *Reverend*, plus

DJ sets from *Reverend* made into TVD and *Production* *Unit*, and *Reverend* *Wire* *Unit* happens at London's *Cargo* venue on 3 October 6pm. For ticket information, visit www.wire.co.uk.

Adventure in Modern Music

Reverend 124 FM

The *Wire*'s weekly show on the UK's only community radio station in broadcast across Central London on 124 FM every Thursday between 8-10:30pm, with simultaneous streaming at www.wire.co.uk. Recent editions of the show, all of which are available at www.wire.co.uk as downloadable MP3s or stream, have featured guest sets from *William* *The* *Wire*'s *Event* *Prodder* (4 September), *Philip* *Jack* (24) and *Ellen* *Turk* (13).

Issue 207

The November issue of *The Wire* will be available from 10 October.

For more updates on what's happening in *The Wire* and the *Wire*, sign up to *The* *Wire* *Unit*, our fortnightly newsletter, or submit to our RSS feeds, both at www.wire.co.uk.

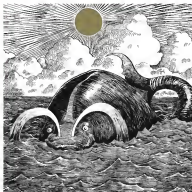
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Trip Or Squeek

By Savage Pencil



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Alexander Tucker

PORTAL

Symphonic textures & mooring chord changes that will grab your attention...a hybrid between ancient sounds & the psychedelic capacities of one man
Pitchfork

Tucker may have created one of the most affecting albums of the year...definitely among the most cinematic
Drowned in Sound

Everyone's tripping out & no one really needs drugs anymore
Vice

His guitar work hints at everything from Led Zeppelin's most stately to *My Bloody Valentine's* most cryptic, no bad place to be
Plan B

Rising above the ordinary
Rock Sound

A meticulously disorienting, blissed environment...very pleasing
Uncut

Also available
Custom Made
Limited edition
7" and digital
download



Alexander Tucker plays
ATP New York Festival
Rushmore Country Club
Manicillo
19-21st Sept 2008

£6.95

FUCK BUTTONS

COLOURS MOVE
RELEASED 8 SEPTEMBER 2008

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featuring the Andrew Weatherall remixes of tracks from the Fleet Earth
Albums pumping out pulsing this of meaning and noise... **THE CLUT**
One of the most exciting things to happen to experimental electronica in sometime... **THE DESISTE**
"Building on the fact that sound for the time has opened to the use of
the depth of some psychedelic ambient... **THE**
Album options... **UNCUT**

US SHOWS SEPTEMBER:

- 24 SHOWTIME 8000 (ATP) 6A - 8 PM ELEPHANT MOTOX (ATP) 7 PM
- 25 COMEDIAN (ATP) 8 PM (ATP) 8 PM (ATP) 8 PM (ATP) 8 PM
- 26 THE WEATHER THEATRE (ATP) 8 PM (ATP) 8 PM (ATP) 8 PM
- 27 THE WEATHER THEATRE (ATP) 8 PM (ATP) 8 PM (ATP) 8 PM
- 28 THE WEATHER THEATRE (ATP) 8 PM (ATP) 8 PM (ATP) 8 PM
- 29 THE WEATHER THEATRE (ATP) 8 PM (ATP) 8 PM (ATP) 8 PM
- 30 THE WEATHER THEATRE (ATP) 8 PM (ATP) 8 PM (ATP) 8 PM
- 31 THE WEATHER THEATRE (ATP) 8 PM (ATP) 8 PM (ATP) 8 PM

EUROPEAN SHOWS OCTOBER

- 24 COMEDIAN (ATP) 8 PM (ATP) 8 PM (ATP) 8 PM
- 25 COMEDIAN (ATP) 8 PM (ATP) 8 PM (ATP) 8 PM
- 26 COMEDIAN (ATP) 8 PM (ATP) 8 PM (ATP) 8 PM





Liquid Liquid Slippery when wet

This month, the Barbican Hall, home to The London Sinfonietta Orchestra, will resound to some of the most minimalist rhythms and textures cooked up in the post-No Wave melting pot of early 80s New York. Liquid Liquid will play a special one-off set there as one of three shows marking the crystal anniversary of the Domino label.

The music made by Sal Pasquale (vocals, percussion), Dennis Young (percussion, maracas), Scott Hartley (drums) and Richard Mullins (bass, percussion) has lived a strange afterlife since the group first dispersed in 1983. Despite their roots in the DIY ethos of punk, Liquid Liquid referenced the discofloor, not the rock pit, combining the energy of funk and Afrobeat with the spaces of dub and electro to create what they called "body music." Quickly out of print, their three EPs for 99 Records proved to be a persistent subterranean influence. Mo'Nzo and Grand Royal just together a first release of the EPs in 2007, but the subsequent demise of both labels meant Liquid Liquid remained elusive or obscure — until Domino stepped into the breach earlier this year with the definitive anthology, *Slip in And Out Of Perception*.

Speaking from his New York home between rehearsals, Richard Mullins wears each set-back with philosophical aplomb. "In the bigger picture it's actually helped us a bit," he argues. "It's good to keep things on a slow boil, it's made it much more of a cult band, harder to get hold of. If the stuff had always been available, there wouldn't be any reason to do *Slip In And Out* and play the Barbican. It's kind of fresher each time we put it out... I really do believe it's a better path for the band," he concludes wryly.

With their back catalogue now available, some long-planned projects will also come to fruition, including a new DVD set together with the help of Oliver Tokky. "DFA are going to put that out, it's been a long time

coming," Mullins admits. "Bruce Yorkley was our soundman and a great one for documenting stuff. We always made sure we had tapes and video." As well as an elaborate "Concert" — the track whose bassline and rhythms were famously borrowed by Grandmaster Flash & Melle Mel for "White Lines (Don't Do It)" — Mullins promises plenty of bonus material.

Also planned is a new EP on Domino and a 12" on DFA, featuring a new studio version of "Ballhead" from 1981's *Liquid Liquid* EP. While some earlier reunion sessions in 2003 proved unsatisfactory, Mullins says, "It is very possible we could record something new. I feel freer about it in these last couple of releases than I did five years ago."

Liquid Liquid gigs though will remain rare events, with the group wary of the over-expanding musical desert. "It keeps it more focused and special for us," explains Mullins. "We're not really interested in playing package tours and festivals, we'd rather have it more on our own terms, not just our careers, but our own evidence, to make it more special."

The aim is a sense of spontaneity akin to the group improvisations from which Liquid Liquid's music first emerged. "It's about a feeling, when we're playing this stuff we can all connect to it, it's not like we're looking to regret what we did in the past," Mullins continues. "You find it, and in that moment it's like it's new again, and you have to find some way of tapping into that."

This desire to keep things fresh means the group are unfazed by the more selective atmosphere promised by a venue like the Barbican. "I don't know what to expect from this," says Mullins. "Like getting up in new places — better something new than repeating ourselves. With all these offers to play, I was thinking, where haven't we played? That would be the best place to start." See *Slip In And Out Of Perception* London Barbican on 4 October. See Out There.



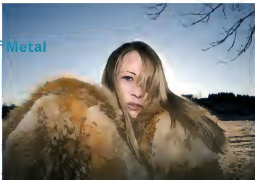
Fractured Recordings

While the prospects for selling records in the future may look bleak due to the dominance of the downloaded, as we label Fractured Recordings look to the past for solace. Conceived as a outlet for one-off releases and artists' projects, the British label's first release uses 20 electronic artists such as Robert Henke, Matmos, who, notes, Mike Vennart, Carter Burwell and more covering a song from the past that holds special meaning for them. Curator Kevill Ashdale explains: "I wanted to work with the artists involved. So far with Henke, he mentioned that he was huge in Berlin. I started thinking about my understanding of artists from the viewpoint of their influences. I would never have thought about the A-be connection. Sure enough, Kevill made a first connection with AC and the Russians. 'Rock in Russia' is his favourite piece of music. So I got the idea to address this hegemony."

Given the theme of recorded nostalgia it's fitting that the collection is released as a box set of two 7" called *Recovery*. Designed by artist Gidon Oshida and housed in a beautiful (and sturdy) box with different labels for each side of vinyl, the high production values and excellent edition are indicative of both sides' work for Recovery to make use of a "classified valued object" and to contextualize vinyl. Mullins: "I have never seen a label before and it was a huge learning curve," he admits. "Basically I put my money where my mouth is: I mortgaged my flat on the project because I just wanted it to happen."

All good ideas may be spending some time recovering from the release, so we're content with that. "I have really loved being part of every stage of the process and working so closely with the artists and allowing them the freedom they needed." That freedom brings us curious (and often-unexpected) projects: first, and doing "Still Jane" and "Sweet Home" covering Little Red. These digital remakes are on an analogue format will take up more space than an actual hard drive, but if you're anything like us, you'll have them all the more because of it. See *Recovery* at fracturedrecordings.com.

The rapture of Metal



The vast majority of musicians have day jobs, but few are as open about that fact as Norwegian vocalist/composer Runhild Gammelsaeter. "It's never been a goal for me to do many records, which is contrary to many trends," she says. "but that's because I have a job so I don't need to make money on this. I can afford to make the expensive choices of not performing and keeping a low profile."

Gammelsaeter has always been a somewhat mysterious figure within Metal's avant garde. As a teenager, starting in the US, she sang for Thorn's Hammer, a short-lived Doom quartet featuring Future Society members Seng Anderson and Stephen O'Malley; her ability to shift instantly from a clear, plainsong-like vocal style to guttural growling, when combined with her icy blonde beauty, made an immediate impression. But she vanished into the lab, getting her PhD in physiology from the University of Oslo. She didn't make music again until 2003, contributing vocals and abstract breathing sounds to Sam O'J's *White 2*. Then she disappeared again, re-emerging as half of Klaypt, alongside producer/keyboardist James Morison on the 2006 Hydra Head release, *Chaos Is My Name* (Gammelsaeter's Throes of Wreck performed with the pair live). And now she's making her debut as a solo artist with Amplicon, a limited edition release on Utsch.

Label head Keith Utsch had envisioned a series of eight releases, each with a cover painting by Stephen Reiner (whose paintings for *Chaos Is My Name* Gammelsaeter eventually purchased). "Because [Gammelsaeter] is very interested in understanding the natural," as much as the lyrics and talent to him on the phone about the concepts, and asked to let the artists be always very special," she says. I took pretty the opportunity to work with her for a second time, and partly the absolute freedom of the project, that convinced Gammelsaeter to make a solo album, despite early reservations. "A bigger label would

want to be involved, where [Utsch] just said, deliver a record by 1 May. Which was amazing. You don't get that kind of freedom."

Gammelsaeter clearly values the ability to come and go as she pleases, for professional and personal reasons alike. "When I did my PhD, I had a scholarship and I went to the States and worked in different labs, and I had some professors react very negatively to my association with Black Metal. So I started to discover that I needed to step carefully and be reflective about what I say and do and how I am my things." At the same time, she says, "I've always liked underground scenes, cult-type music, and it's been somewhat purposeful for me to not make it as accessible, and not expose myself very much. Not really to be a mystery, but to make it as inaccessible as that, you don't push it in anyone's face. People have to discover it for themselves. And I'd rather have my four fans tell me how I love it and who spent the time to discover it than to have 100 people who just think it's funny, who saw me live or read about it in the newspaper or something like that."

Amplicon is a record made for cult appreciation and mass apathy, if not revulsion. Its 11 tracks follow a sequence modelled on the cycle of life (titles include "Incubation", "Birth", "Coming To", "Love", "Sensescence" and "Dying"), and the disc's title relates to Gammelsaeter's day job — an amplicon is a piece of DNA that has been synthesized using amplification/templating on ion tracks. The music is pretty dependent on advanced technology, too. It's an intricate collage of oceanic howls, moans and electric guitars, synthesized heartbeats, drums, organ and more. Gammelsaeter enters, mists, howls and roars in English and Norwegian, sometimes singing what sounds like a murder ballad, other times ranting about genetics and phylology. It has antecedents in both Roca and Jarvis (particularly the latter's vocal shape-shifting and emotional range),

but is ultimately a unique and personal document. It's an unsettling experience, not just because of the competing and overlapping vocals, but the jarring transitions between acoustic and electronic, between silence and sudden bursts of sound — there's never a moment where expectations can be comfortably set. Gammelsaeter describes most Metal as "Mr. Mozart, you know what's coming", but the music on Amplicon, while logical, is anything but predictable.

"I basically went home at night and got myself Logic and set down and started working, and it ended up being a creative process where I got so pulled into it that I couldn't involve anyone else," she says. "I would sit down for an hour and do clean vocals and acoustic guitar, and then I would do some mixing sounds or effects or something like that. And I would clip it together, keeping the best of it, and I would end up putting on stuff like screaming or effects of different kinds. It just became like a patchwork of things, where you pick out your own favourites of the different elements that I thought the song should encompass and glue it together in some way. And I liked the sharp breaks, that was very purposeful of me. I didn't want to make it gentle. I really liked the jarring effect of the switching from one thing to another."

"It's unbinding and it's frustrating, but afterwards, I told my friends, everyone should make a solo record," she continues. "It forces you to become very organized, this large project that pushes to complete and make a totally cut of all your own ideas. There are a lot of choices involved, choosing what you like of your own things and when you don't like choices in how you're organising it, producing it, distributing it — it's kind of a hard thing. I did my PhD previously, and I thought at first of the same way. You start off with all these blank pages and different kinds of results, and you have to insert them into this complete thesis that you deliver in the end." □ Amplicon is out now on Utsch.

Stone age theremins



Lucky Dragons' Luke Fishback (left) and Brian Berk

"It's not technology itself that is taking anything out of our life, it's the way we use it," types Luke Fishback via instant messenger from Los Angeles. "One of our goals is to use technology to reach a more direct form... 'direct' being my euphemism for 'primitive', I think!" He is conversing on common descriptions of Lucky Dragons' music – which was made largely with self-built Max/MSP patches and a non-linear editing process – as "meditative" and "crystalline," words especially applicable to new album *Stone Island* (out: Laughing Language). Although sophisticated work goes into its production techniques, Lucky Dragons' music is a celebration of ancient shared memory and introspective spirituality. Rhythmic drones, layers of narcotic melodies, often played on simple instruments (like the recorder or the reed), and digital processing produce an electronic nirvana. He explains, "One source [for *Stone Island*] was an imprimitive rock-drumming session in Big Sur. Another is an instrument we made that is like a theremin, using noise to alter the energy state of an electrical field. It was a series of tuned circuits with a steady impedance level and when any material is introduced into the field surrounding the circuits the impedance changes. Very small changes in the amplitude of the circuits are translated into tones. Each material has a different range of effect... we just tune it to the rock range. We collect rocks from the area where the show is, for the sake of going for a walk and for re-introducing the outside world into a show space. Audience members are handed rocks and asked to play as a group."

Juxtaposing technology and nature is common artistic conceit, but Lucky Dragons' primitivism stems from the basic need for human contact and our root desire for powerplay. Part of their ongoing *Make A Goby* project – which they unveiled at this

year's Whitney Biennial – involves members of the audience generating notes by touching a limited rug appliqued with disguised circuits. Touching a circuit with your bare skin allows you to carry the signal and pass it on, back into the rug by touching it elsewhere, or to another person by touching their bare skin, and so on. The signal is transmitted back to a computer which emits corresponding sounds based on assigned frequencies. "An ideal community is about as important a thing as I can think of," admits Fishback. "We plan the interaction with the intention of creating a community, however it happens, in the audience." A standard device taken on tour is a pool of colored circuitry, separated at the end into six, one-way tails. Each tail has a colourful knitted covering. Sometimes, the tails are held out for the audience to grasp, which helps to build rising cascades of ecstatic rhythmic energy. "Live and recorded here goes two very different but complementary ways," he says. "We do a lot in the live stuff that is about constructing an event, or an experience, in a place with a little group of people. For the recordings we take all documentation, notes, recordings from live things and edit them down to a package."

The group was always conceived as a loose-knit collective of creative participants from its inception during Fishback's years as a Harvard "visual and environmental studies" undergrad in 1996. The only other full-time member is partner Sarah Berk, whom he met in Providence while attending Brown's graduate school studying electronic music and she was a student at the Rhode Island School of Design. "It's a very small town, but Providence was a pretty amazing place to be making experimental music," he recalls. "It was nice to have time off from the world to focus on 'art.' There was also a high percentage of amazing events, but the same 30 people would be at

every show so it was very important to play something completely new every time!" Both are full-time artists, but Fishback admits to having to take on other work for money. Last winter, this involved him in a thank tank, helping to reconstruct the indie-film launch business in the US. When asked how he qualifies for such a task, you can probably see an enigmatic shrug. "Creative vision, I guess!"

Creative vision and their restless, tireless enthusiasm continue to spur the pair to host weekly collaborative drawing meetings called *Spill Ink Club* (formerly using the *Asian Ink* they borrow their name from). This extension of the Lucky Dragons community recently granted a three-story mural in Los Angeles (passers by were encouraged to leave their marks) as well as painting on bits of fabric for a group of designers to make integrations. Also in the half-pipe are a beard design for a skate company, guest handmade shirts, a proposed book that will document one year of *Spill Ink Club* meetings, and a two-part art show in November – the second part of which takes place at a high desert test site in Joshua Tree.

Now with six albums and 20 other releases, Fishback claims, "One of the best things about packaging and distributing things is being able to meet people through a proxy." An anecdotal position, for sure, but he positively is a frankly infectious and suffers the music and parents of Lucky Dragons. Activities such as breaking up teams with workshops and *Spill Ink Club* meetings, plus their upcoming solar-powered drum machines, add practical, not just conceptual, socially redeeming weight to their playfulness. Art, music and technology could only benefit from such an attitude. *Stone Island* Laughing Language is out now on U2art. The *Spill Ink*, Lucky Dragons play *London's Cafe Oto* on 18 October see [Out There](#)

EDITIONS
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Talking flat horn blues



"I was a teenager and had only been playing for a few months when I had an accident – a bus ran over my saxophone," recalls Ingrid Laubrock. "It looked amazing. It was like a sheet of metal, completely two dimensional."

After winning the Rising Star category at two British jazz events consecutively, in 1999 and 2005, Laubrock was now rarely to be said to have risen to the upper echelons of London jazz. As a composer and bandleader she has her own quartet and septet, New. As a free improviser she recorded *Let's Goff This* in 2006 with pianist Luis Noble. This duo has been expanded by the arrival of drummer Tom Ranney into an improvising trio, *Sleepthief*, whose self-titled debut album has just been released.

None of this might have happened after the incident with the crushed saxophone. Although initially upset by this setback, Laubrock more or less forgot about her ambitions on the instrument, and when the insurance money came through she almost traded in the unfortunate sax in place of a keyboard, as she had played piano since the age of four. But she gave it up, moving from the little bit German town of Stadllohn to Berlin when she left school at 16, and, still in her teens, on to London in 1989, where she began looking to support herself.

"At that stage, basically I could n't play," she admits. "I'd go loose and practice and then I suddenly play better the next day. I'd go with a guitarist and we'd play jazz standards. I definitely learnt a lot then, and it all moved on really quickly."

After a decade of putting herself "in summary different musical situations as possible", she eventually hooked up with the London-based F-R-E Collective. Founded in 1990 out of a workshop in which musicians studied West African dance music, F-R-E (for short: for Integrated Rhythmic Expression) has developed into a sort of musicians' support network and catalyst for creative collaboration, with its own record label and group, The F-R-E Large Ensemble. "It really felt like a new arrival at that time, because there were a lot of people into trying out things, and not being totally mainstream," Laubrock recalls.

Laubrock's playing on soprano and tenor is lyrical, often laconic, sometimes eruptive. Companions have been made with Wayne Shorter and Lee Konitz, although she hadn't heard the latter until recently. "I started checking Lee Konitz out because a couple of people compared me to him when I was playing alto. The common ground there is a tendency for space and for melody more than anything else."

Laubrock plays saxophone like a particularly good conversationalist, rather than indulging in verbiage, she waits for the right moment to inject a surprising new weight or a subtle twist. In the respect, I suggest that she also plays like a good listener. She agrees. "When I play with people I really want to play with, it's a joy to listen to them, being in the sound that they create, even when I'm not playing anything myself."

My first experience of Laubrock live was in an improvising big band at the Red Rose Club in Fitzroy Park, London a few years back. With drummer Tony Martin and John Edwards on bass, the ensemble set off at a furious pace and the music soon developed into an evocative *Brotherhood Of Breath*-style symphony. Solos followed from Spring Heel Jack's John Cohen and Ashley Wells on guitar and electronics, saxophonist Alan Wilkinson and trumpeter Henry Buckett. When Laubrock stepped up to take her turn, rather than jumping into the sounds, she began sighing slowly and relatively quietly. For a second it felt like she was going to be blown out of the door by the ensemble's ferocious racket, but she stood firm, carved out a wonderful solo on her own terms, and in doing so temporarily changed the music's whole perspective.

"I think contrast is so important," she replies, teased by my enthusiastic recollection. "The first big thing that got me into jazz was the vibrant blues at the end of the 60s, beginning of the 70s. I didn't really know what attracted me to playing. But I think me that he would have to be so pretty fast and frantic saxophonists, for example, so that he can come in and be cool, and create a different sound. You can have all that kind of bubbling undercurrent and he comes in and just shines. I find that contrast really important. I like

subverting things all on it's exploding, just turning it somewhere else."

Laubrock also plays with Edwards in drummer Steve Noble's new trio. Although they have yet to release a record, they have recorded an impressive session for BBC Radio 3's *Jazz Today*. "We've played a few times and there's a chemistry," she enthuses. "It's definitely a combination that works." *Sleepthief* embodies Laubrock's desire for contrasts, with their swooping group wind and facility with dynamics. Luis Noble is a strongly rhythmic pianist, Ranney a drummer of great intricacy and subtlety, with Laubrock building from breathy melodies up through anguished yelps, into a range notes and outbursts of dazzling fluidity.

Laubrock agrees that her music has become more exploratory over the last decade. She seems to be moving away from the more composed, melodic material of albums like *Some Times* (2001). Is she still composing? "I'm writing something for The F-R-E Large Ensemble at the moment," she replies. "When I'm improvising I try to have a composer's head on, try to make it into a piece, and when I'm composing I'm trying to make sure there's plenty of space in the improvisation and I also try to make the soundcloud interesting. So hopefully it becomes not that different; both have the same sense of personality."

Laubrock is now dividing her time between London and New York. "I just did an improv gig with three other players: Pamela Karlin, Dalt Winters on piano, and Georg Tarack on vibes and percussion at John Zorn's club, The Stone. Have you heard her? She plays threnos like no one else. The main thing for me at the moment, though, is *Sleepthief*. I want to develop that a bit further and will definitely record again. I want to tour with my quintet next year and then, my next, I would love to record that, but there's always a difficulty with funding. Apart from that, I have a lot of stuff in my head from people I have met in the last few months. So things are generating." *"Sleepthief"* is out now on Intakt. The month-long Laubrock tour the UK with *Sleepthief*, and appears with other members of The F-R-E Collective at a showcase-meets-at-London's Kings Place, see Out There.



Acid Mothers Temple & The Cosmic Inferno
Journey Into The Cosmic Hellings

Three studio recordings that mark the addition of Hiroshi Yamashita (the vocalist) to the band, preceded by two live recordings. The album is a collection of new material, including a new single, 'The Cosmic Hellings'.



Joe Foweraker & Daniel Masliah
Ordinary Country

A vinyl double recording that marks the addition of Daniel Masliah to the band, preceded by two live recordings. The album is a collection of new material, including a new single, 'The Cosmic Hellings'.



Matthew Goodband
Pinkish Blue Line

A vinyl double recording that marks the addition of Matthew Goodband to the band, preceded by two live recordings. The album is a collection of new material, including a new single, 'The Cosmic Hellings'.



Experimental Action Network
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Jacob O. Motherfuckin'
Motherfuckin' Love Land

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Various

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Michael Black



Daniel Siro



Michael Black

Helsinki

Operating below the radar in the Nordic countries, the skweee movement unites musicians intent on exploring the spaces left by dancehall and R&B.

By Derek Walmsley

A late August night at Helsinki's Flow Festival. The stage is packed with musicians and electronic gear. At the rear there are banks of TV screens. MC Michael Black (the cracks come jokes in English and Finnish while jagged cut-ups of dancehall and hip-hop boom out. The word "skweee" is luminous on the TV screens, and the music now consists, with almost more dancing on stage than in the crowd, in cooperation with the steady, utilitarian performance aesthetic of much electronic music, this a positively carnivalesque. Privately imbued the very texture of the music—samples are stretched into fantastic shapes, beats pumped up so fast they move like dayglo blobs. The rhythm is minimally downstage but fearlessly complex. It's as if Mantronix and The Bomb Squad had turned their hand to upgrading that 80s clubbing craze, the slow jam.

Created by a few dozen Nordic producers, skweee has emerged (albeit hesitantly in Helsinki, one of its nominal centers of activity. "Nobody is a prophet; he's called, you know," says Petrus Eino Häkkinen, who produces music as Randy Sarraceno. "People in Finland don't really appreciate skweee enough."

Self-deprecating and cheerfully eclectic, a vein of quirky humor runs through the languorous electronic rhythms of skweee. Earlier in the evening I talked with some of the main artists and label bosses, and it quickly became apparent that tech an approach is deliberate, and formulated in opposition to the venerable, canonical ideal of what makes much dance music. Perhaps in Finland at least, where an ironic pose of casual nihilism still claims dominance of "alternative" or "underground" music, maintaining a sense of awareness constitutes a pretty essential ethos, perhaps. They certainly crank plenty of jokes, but there are lots of pregnant pauses as the conversation lags, as if their impact is being carefully weighed.

"It's a weird coincidence, everybody was starting to go slow and skweee-ish," says Häkkinen, referring

to the music's distinctive pacing and its sticky, wobbly rhythms. He pronounces the word "skweee" with gettobrosed glee. "I think skweee is a metaphysical thing, because I used to DJ a lot, 150 bpm, Detroit stuff, but then it didn't sound... noble any more," he declares. "It was like a bad burger. A good skweee track is like Chateaubriand."

One of the men behind Finland's Harminä label, he carries himself with a goateed air, standing as to a goth soul ("the Finnishational drink") at the festival bar label co-founder Tatu Mäkelä. Mäkelä, is altogether more understated. Both have been producing electronic music in Finland for years. "I was making records for this Dutch electro label," says Häkkinen. "So I thought I would send them a demo, because at the time I was smoking a lot of weed, making quite weird music in a basement. The guy said, 'I really like this music but there's no logic to it, so I can't put it out. So I offered it to Harminä (Finnish for Swedish label) Rogate Denmark," and he was instantly, yeah, we'll release this stuff."

Flaunted, Denmark had been inspired by the rhythmic inventiveness permeating through R&B, dancehall and hip-hop in the post-Turkland age. "I really loved dancehall and R&B, but I didn't like rap," says Carlsqvist. "There was a much good music split by crappy vocalists. And I just found this way—why couldn't we get these rhythms into our stuff?"

The name skweee was coined between the Finnish and Swedish campfires. "It was one guy, Daniel Siro, Kool DJ Quam, it was his idea, because the music sounds sort of squeezed," says Carlsqvist. "Then he and we came to Finland for a tour, and suddenly the name got accepted. He roots to the Finnish producers in the room: 'You established the name by accepting it, saw how?'"

There's a serious side to skweee temper. The Harminä and Rogate Denmark producers had all worked under electronic music for years, and skweee provided alleged escape from stringent, stringent

rhythms. "It is a bigger challenge to make a rhythm work at 100 bpm, and I think that's part of the appeal," says Daniel Siro, aka Jokersen. "It's why producers hang on to the movement, because they heard it and get inspired, and then they find how extremely difficult it is to do it. You have to reach the bottom of your soul to do it." Tatu Mäkelä adds: "Skweee music is much more open, you can fill up the gaps differently, while faster music is more tight, more complex."

Tempo very widely, all the way down to around 77 bpm—the kind of speed at which you can start to dance to the music in a delectable time. There's an evident bias in making music danceable at such slow speeds. It's not unlike the process of hearing the strings on a guitar as you slacken them off, hearing a melody at what point they lose their totality.

While the internet has played a large role in the way skweee has grown, vinyl culture is still central to these producers' activities. "I pick up 7's," says Carlsqvist. "I was inspired by dancehall, but also it was the cheapest format. It's good when you don't have distribution, the postage costs are really low. This guy in Hamburg bought his own cutter and he was really messing up. It was like the fun part of making records without the hassle. And you could save beers for 7's." "Like in Cuba said, 'I'm staying true to the game, you know,'" says Häkkinen. "If he had a car, he would sell the records from the trunk."

With the skweee name banned from TV screens during live performances and embraced on some of the many-gigging's banker jackets, I wonder how long before other producers jump on the bandwagon and dilute it. "Skweee is so hard, you know, you can't get away with it. You have to make it good to make it," counters Siro. "The ones who manage to do it get accepted in the community, because you can keep going when it's not right. You know that it's skweee when you feel that it's skweee." □ Rogate Denmark: rogatedenmark.com; Harminä: harmine.com



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It's about: Lawrence Abu Hamdan's *Marches*

Lawrence Abu Hamdan orchestrates legions of noisy shoe wearers to create 'functionless events' in mood-use urban stomping grounds. By Owen Hatherley

"There's this moment before they see it where it can be quite intimate. And then it enters the vision and they then become aware: oh, it's a bunch of workers doing a performance."

Lawrence Abu Hamdan is describing an response to his project *Marches*. You might be sitting outside a branch of Starbucks, on your lunch break from an office job in Central London. For a moment, the sound of rhythmic marching seems to advance towards you, sinister and persuasive. Then the watchmen lean into view – a handful of conventionally dressed citizens in old shoes, who disappear almost as quickly as they arrived. Alternatively, you might be sitting at home listening to the sound of sold marching on a CD with accompanying explanatory booklet. Both of these experiences are part of *Marches*, the first major project by an artist who has previously produced sound and film works for London's Renaissance FM and Glasgow's Transmission Gallery. Commissioned by Klangku! (Interaktion), a wing of the UK cultural provocateurs Artangel, *Marches* was originally performed in London, Leeds, Lisbon, York and Glasgow, and is now documented on a CD. The idea is remarkably simple. A small group of 'watchmen', all fitted out with specially designed footwear, walk through a designated urban area – on the CD it's Minories, near the Tower of London, and the recently redeveloped area of Southwark blazonously renamed "New London". And that's it.

At the heart of the march is the sound of shoe on manmade surface – a sound that has vanished from many urban areas thanks to the ubiquity of the rubber-soled trainer. Much of the preparation for the project involved commissioning shoes from their high-on-cushion artisan, the cobbler. "In the cobbler's I was left to forage for different things," explains Abu Hamdan. "He would look at particular gummy shoes proudly and then think what a ludicrous thing it was to do." Apparently, the search for loud, clattering or squeaking shoes was one which also triggered unintentionally militant behaviour. "One cobbler

in Mayfair said that old majors and generals who are really used to hearing their shoes don't like new pedestrian shoes, and ask for quarter-soles to be put in theirs."

This evokes the steel-toecapped boots of Nazi stormtroopers, a reminder of the idea that *Marches* strips from the act of marching. Such boots might well have been designed for stomping on a human face forever, but here they're appropriated for the purposes of whistling. Yet the sound of stomping also suggests something more benign – the civic parades and processions that would once have echoed around many of the UK's city streets. But Abu Hamdan does not to be interested in ideas of community "participation", and the *Marches* are a specific group, limited rather than invited, unlike the apparently "inclusive" model of the flash mob. Certainly, the film's re-presentation of local businessmen or badly confused sightseers being asked to join the march.

Unsurprisingly, Abu Hamdan dismisses any of the ostensibly ordinary associations that might be called up by the project's title. Instead, the project seems driven above all by a curious combination of abandon, anti-politicalism and deliberate incoherence. In fact, it almost seems as if the sheer weight of political and military associations that marching inevitably conjures up are being very specifically effaced, leaving just an interest in sound, distraction and space.

The spaces for the performances were chosen because of their particular historical associations, based on tracking local archives, and previous marches that may have occurred in an area are also factored in. But contradictions seem to be most apparent. What is it itself, as he puts it, is a "functionless event in an area which is very functionally dense". The marches in London documented on the CD took place around the tourist traps of the Tower of London and the London Dungeon, areas which also have a high concentration

of offices and businesses: places, according to Abu Hamdan, "where everybody knows where they're going, everyone is so clear what function they're serving."

"These routes," he continues, "are decided partly by finding a space that has totally changed its function. These spaces are architecturally really interesting, because you have the requirements of one set of people, and you still have the buildings built for the requirements of an old set of people." In *Marches*, spaces that are now dedicated to business and tourism are read in purely acoustic terms. So the network of subways that direct tourists towards the Tower and the Crown Jewels is sonically useful because of the echoes and reverberations the urban spaces create. Meanwhile, the sheer diversity of uses in the area creates diverse acoustic fields, such as in the contrast when walking through tourist bustle into the desolate places framing office blocks. "They're actually the most interesting, because the office buildings are next to some of the oldest and most varied buildings and there isn't any crossover whatsoever. Those [office] spaces are so dead, and I think they're interesting because they're in areas that are really alive, that have so much movement. They're interesting to incorporate in the piece because suddenly the sound and the shouting of people has stopped."

In conversation, Abu Hamdan stresses the "Yiddishism" element of *Marches*, the abandonment of strolling shoes for noise making rather than walking, and the obliqueness of this misuse of space. For an urbanist neorealist, "In music there's an audience there to see you, but with the marches and the artwork I like the sense of using an unwilling audience." But it might be that this captive audience, whose everyday routine is supposedly being momentarily disrupted, is already so used to distraction that the interruption barely even registers. □ A free limited edition *Marches* CD, booklet and map are available from info@artangel.org.uk



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22 *Fluxus Compositions For Mass Abuse Peak of Tate Modern, London, May 2006*

Stage-managed recreations of historical avant-garde happenings are a contradiction in terms, says Deborah Nash

In the Barbican Hall of London's Tate Modern, a piano is being attended to by eight clones in white hooded boiler suits, who dust it, paint it, stuff it with a bag, hang out the Moonlight Sonata, and down the keys, turn it on its side, and place a vase of roses on its top.

12 Fluxus Compositions For Mass Abuse Peak, devised by George Maciunas in 1963, was one of a series of Fluxus re-enactments performed here in May this year. I was one of the 're-enactors'. The tender ministrations to the piano recalled a time when many 1950s homes owned one, employed woodwork-restorers, and collecting dust in a corner. Hence the notion of making art by deconstructing the means of art. Larry Miller went on to smash a violin in *Mass Abuse Peak's* *Core For Klein Solo*. But the game of chance, randomness and play that is central to the Fluxus ethos too, in these august surroundings, become a relic of the past, like the unplugged old piano; there is no 'flux'. Instead, our flux is stage-managed, with chance kept firmly in the box, the information down, increasingly high profile venues welcome in the avant-garde of yesterday as part of their outreach programme (the Fluxus concerts can be seen as part of a wider trend that has included the British Library's Foliofest, Bankrupt and the ICA's *Disintermediate* Naughten rehearsal last year), but in so doing these institutions would also contain the event so that the original spirit (in the case of Fluxus, its anti-professionalism, its openness to accident and unintended effects) is diminished. Today's cultural power houses are custodians of rules, regulations and red tape.

The 1960s that gave rise to Fluxus, and the ethos of rebellion that shaped it, is a potent mix that nostalgia purveyors and purveyors alike tug into, and the original Fluxus concerts picked a punch with their beat and anarchic flavour ("There is music and eggs in

the art") depicted a reviewer in *Stars And Stripes* magazine in 1967. It is precisely this daring, brevity and sense of fun that are absent in our present-day cautious, anemic institutions.

The Fluxus orchestra, Simon Andersen, had intended conducting the event from the top of a custom-built truck, but found Tate health and safety officers less than enthusiastic. Meetings ensued, with concern mounting over Robert Watts's *Drone For Orchestra* (the burning of paper sheets on music stands) leading to a careful drill on how to set the scores alight – spontaneous combustion it was not. As we participant put it, "There's so much control when you're involved in other people's flux."

Flagship organisations can't be the material place for avant-garde events. The balance of power is unequal: the institution, not the artist, is calling the shots. When I asked the filmmaker Jonas Mekas (a contemporary of Fluxus founder George Maciunas) about the appropriateness of such institutions to host Fluxus tributes, he emphasised the movement's chaoticism director. "New York's Soho area, which George Maciunas considered as a place where artists could live and work, has since become a chic, fashionable area. People tell me how disappointed George would have been if he had lived to see it. But I say, so, George would have enjoyed it! He would have created expensive Fluxus restaurants there, one to serve only green food, another serving only white food – the way he had done earlier in my loft. Or he would have launched Fluxus Fashion Shows serving Fluxus parties and Fluxus shoes!" He was a master at adapting to existing situations and changing the way that everybody could hear him.

Yet the choice to re-enact events frequented by our art institutions has no such English imagination, or

purpose. Mekas claims they add "the contemporary spirit" to the original events, making them "alive again". But what is the value in bringing back from the dead a during, youthful, once wild burst of the avant-garde that has had its day? When the robot was 1954 *Concerto For Voice And Mouthpiece* by members of *Disintermediate* Naughten was re-created at London's ICA in 2007 (as a performance art piece by Jo Mitchell), the original response of chaos, randomness and near-riot was replaced by a crowd calmly waiting for the bit where the pianistic drill boxes into the stage. Do we understand these events any better by seeing a performance that is no longer shocking, played out in the professional, smooth running medium of an art organisation where the curators are watching their own careers move forward on the back of these re-enactments?

This branding and reeling of the avant-garde of the past as a safe, easily understood product, complete with catalogue and souvenir mug, is a 'heritage' culture even the artists participate in. They take the opportunity to mine the past, hook up with fellow creators scattered round the globe, and recall their own role in art history with the same nostalgia as the painters who come to see them. It is a symbiotic relationship.

Fluxus was never grandiose and given to big gestures, it was artist centred and focused on brief simple events. Its tent to 'work with what's available' became uncomfortable when what's available is a set of rules you'd like to break. The spaces where you can flex anarchic self seem to be shrinking, while the professionalisation and containment of the event space is growing. When these movements enter today's institutions, they leave all leaving at the door. [1]



Invisible Jukebox

Each month we play a musician a series of records which they are asked to identify and comment on – with no prior knowledge of what they are about to hear. This month it's the turn of

Makoto Kawabata

Tested by Alan Cummings. Photography by Joss McKinley

Karlheinz Stockhausen

"Toku-mak"

From *Karlheinz Stockhausen: On the Way to the Music of the Future Vol 2* (Sound 2 1968/2000)

[Immediately] Gasp, Stockhausen. I can't tell you the title because they're always in German. But it's definitely Stockhausen.

I've impressed. It's *Toku-mak*, it's coded at the **NRK Electronic Music Studio in Tokyo in 1966**. How did you recognise it so quickly?

It's the frequency. Whether he's writing for electronics or vocals or whatever, Stockhausen's music always seems to have a couple of frequencies missing, just above the mid-range. The feel of it is entirely different to any other electronic music. I've talked in the past about the ringing in my ears I've had since I was kid and how I used to think it was messages being broadcast by a UFO. When I first heard Stockhausen on the radio it sounded exactly like the ringing – the frequencies were virtually identical. Missing that [Japanese public broadcaster] **NRK** radio show was an important moment for me. It just played contemporary composition, as you'd get electronic stuff like Stockhausen as well as Japanese composers like Maeda Hi-ko or [Toshio] Miyazumi. I started listening to contemporary music and rock at exactly the same age. There wasn't any distinction between them as far as I was concerned.

So your ears still ring?

It's changed over the years. When I was a child it sounded like a narrow-band electronic transmission, now it sounds more like music. The more music I've listened to, the more I realise the sound in my ears has become. It's like my ears have gradually become more sensitive and able to hear the detail in the sound. Maybe when I was a child I could only hear ten per cent off, now I can hear closer to 70 per cent.

Uta's Side

"3370"

From *Deliver Record (Hirokyo Records) 2008*

[Squirrels intently to the "My speed hawks, hawks at" collage intro] I don't know this. Is it Japanese?

Yes. Can you identify the tone and place?

I don't like to mock Japanese music. I don't think it's very recent, but other than that, I don't know. It's by a Kyoto group called **Uta's Side**, who were part of the **Kanami No Wave** scene from the late '70s with **Howl** and **Wajima**. You started playing live around the same time. How aware were you of that stuff?

I was still at school when I formed my first group in 1975, so these original Kanami punks were all five or six years older. To be honest, we didn't get on well with them at all. I have no idea what they thought of us, but we wanted to do our own thing and refused to accept any favours from anyone. Teenage

stubbornness, I suppose. But it was also because our music wasn't really punk or noise or New Wave, so no one wanted to know. So we had no choice but to do it ourselves.

Did you play on any bills with those groups?

When we first thought about playing live, we had no idea how to go about it. One day I saw an ad in an Osaka listing magazine for a venue called **Aom**. Poets were looking for bands to play. I called them up and they agreed to let us play. We turned up and played the set of chaotic noise – and it turned out that it was a risk club [laughs]. It didn't matter though as there was no one in the audience, apart from this other band who were playing after us, a Whitmanesque covers band. We were just useless.

The Ministry Of G G G G

"Tantra On De Assemblies Secrets"

From *Heaven Of The Seven Clouds 2000*

[Immediately] It's Tibetan, it's like a Buddhist chant. I love this stuff. When I first heard Tibetan chant, it was like industrial music for me.

Could you elaborate on that?

Noise and industrial was just getting popular and I'd listened to a few free records. But then I heard a Tibetan record with those amazingly low bass voices, the huge natural echo, the horns blowing away and the barrages of percussion. People talked about *Thinking Outside the Box*, but to me they just sounded like a regular rock band with bass, guitar and a regular beat. Their music never broke the leagues of darkness and decaying noise that it was supposed to. But then I heard a Tibetan record and, to me, it sounded exactly like what I'd imagined industrial music to be. It was dark and mysterious, you get a sense of dangerous metal objects being thrown around, and there's a sense of awe or fear about it. There's something deeply strange about these low vocal frequencies.

You once composed a piece for Japanese Buddhist priests.

Yeah, a piece for 100 Shingon [an esoteric school of Japanese Buddhism] priests for a big concert celebrating the anniversary of the birth of their founder, Kaku. I was responsible for the collaborative elements, so I arranged some parts for percussion and violin, and played guitar myself. The guy who was in charge of the whole event was a young priest from Mount Koya and he was playing the free Age music stuff on synthesizer. It was really enjoyable to do. You know how at the end of the ritual the vessels built up in smoky incense then they throw out the koto strings screech? Well they were doing that. It was playing some really heavy bass guitar [laughs]. I'd deliberately played something totally different during rehearsal so I could get away with it. But the priests and the audience hated it and I never got asked back.

Makoto Kawabata is the hardest working man in the Japanese post-rock underground. As the leader of the Acid Mothers Temple collective, he's the driving force behind a dozen hyper-achieving groups and their offshoots, as well as the **AMT** label. His best-known group is the penitentiary happy psych and Acid Mothers Temple & The Meringue Pianos UFO, whose eerily cultivated image defines them as an Oriental take on the communal ethos of The Incredible String Band or Gang. But Kawabata's interest in electronic composition, left-pop exotica and Occidentan folk ranges far more widely than the utopian jam band image would suggest.

Born in 1966 in Osaka, Kawabata shaped himself in electronic composition and Western hard rock from an early age. He started his first group, **Devk Revolutionary Collective**, while still at school in 1978, with the members making their own instruments and they could afford to buy real ones. Most of his work from this period was documented on his own **RSP cassette label**, set up in 1980.

Kawabata came to the attention of Western fans of underground rock in the mid-80s in the early groups led by bassist/producer/artist **Asahiko Maeda**. The density of stylistic references in his guitar work in groups like **Musica Tosemichi**, **Manhattan** and **Shikari No Jiken**, as well as the acoustic textures he provided for the ethnic dance unit **Toko Sato**, suggested a unique talent for synthesis and recombination.

Acid Mothers Temple & The Meringue Pianos UFO were formed in 1989, their self-titled debut album appearing on Tokyo's **PSF Records** two years later. Early on the group decided to tour outside Japan as frequently as possible. As a four-piece group, Acid Mothers Temple & The Cosmic Inference, was formed in 2006. A heavy release schedule on multiple labels worldwide characterised both groups, with Meringue Pianos UFO having released over 40 albums, and Cosmic Inference a dozen. Recent years have seen collaborations with prominent surviving members of the '70s counterculture, including David Allen of **Gong**, **Man** and **Newsewer** of **Sancti Spiritus**, and **Domo Sakuma** of **Can**.

In addition to AMT, Kawabata performs and records solo in a duo with French guitarist **Jean-François Paucot**, and with multiple other solo units. His latest recording project is a duo with **King Haru** and **Kern** of **Cramping** in Tokyo's **Toshiko**.

The Jukebox took place in a disused Victorian school in Wandsworth, South London, on the eve of a UK tour by Acid Mothers Temple & The Cosmic Inference. A follow-up took place at **Musica Tosemichi** in central London.

"I tend not to listen to music from tropical climates. I'm not that interested in rhythm. Music from places with colder climates seems to have a harsher edge. That's what I prefer to listen to"

Do you listen to a lot of religious music?

Religious, ethnic and electronic music are my great loves. I tend not to listen to much music from tropical climates, though. Just a little Moroccan or Middle Eastern stuff. I'm not that interested in rhythm, so no gospel, or Southern Central American music – it always seems like to be about dance and pleasure, and to me it sounds somewhat sleek. But music from places with colder climates seems to have a harsher edge. That's what I prefer to listen to. What do you want to get out of music? A beautiful melody always comes first for me. There has to be an intention. Even with avant-garde music, if there's no beauty in it, I can't listen to it.

Oshae Wu, Japan

"Thin City Part 2"

From *Nepo: Nashville 2* (PIG) 2012

[After a long pause] No idea... Is it Japanese? It's a group you've played with, but I was quite *difficult* to find one of their records that you hadn't played on.

[After a long pause] Did Oshae Wu, Japan?

That's it. How did you first meet Asahiko Nanjo? He'd moved back to Nagoya in the early 90s and he was running a brewery and store called Sake Lodge that sold yuzu and electronic music. He'd got bootleg videos and live tapes by [Jeff] Renshaw [Dimitrios] and Soft Machine too. I was a carter, and one day I saw this poster up on the outside board recruiting members for a new band. You know how they always list a couple of reference points – "I was going to be into like Sabbath and Jimi Hendrix"? Well this one had a massive list of dozens of influences, all strange stuff like medieval music and abstractism and electronic composition. It was really intriguing, and it turned out it was Renshaw who had posted it. So we started a band called John, which lasted for a couple of years. When was this?

It must have been around 1991 or 1992, just after I had come back from New York. People were starting to talk about John Dorn, saying that the next rockabilly music was happening in New York. I had this idea about checking it out for myself and assigning myself to him, to work out how exactly I related as a musician. I'd decided that it couldn't make the grade then I'd stop playing altogether. On the other hand, if

I thought I was as good as them, then I'd keep going. So I went to see loads of gigs from the big names to people that no one had ever heard of. And that made me realise that I could actually do it. So I came back to Japan and started recording some multi-tracked solo stuff. I played some of it to Nanjo and he said that he'd sex and overdub extra tracks and make it more interesting. That eventually became *Tape Sex* and from then on I gradually got sucked into Nanjo's other projects. Whenever he'd think of an idea, he'd start a new group. I was fine with that, since I didn't want to get involved with running my own group again. He'd come up with dozens of wild concepts, and I was my job to create the music. I remember the first time I met him he said that he wasn't a singer-songwriter, he was a singer-songwriter writer. Nanjo moved back to Tokyo, so every month I'd go and stay for a week or two days and we'd just record constantly. It was a fascinating time. Luckily I've always been very good at recording the overall feel of anything. I've heard if someone suggested doing something Frig-like or Zappa-like, it was always very easy for me. I can never remember melodies or riffs, but for some reason I can immediately play something that suggests the form and texture of the original.

Rosina de Pérez e Martínez

"La Chanson De La Femme"

From *Chanson De La Femme* (Pavane) 1974

[At the vocals] come in Rosina de Pérez. First one of the albums with her sister Martínez. Maybe Rosina de Pérez e Martínez?

Spot on. AMT covered the Goodweather folk song "La Novit", but how did you first come in contact with that music?

I was talking with [AMT bossess Maureen] Tazewell one day and I mentioned that I was really into troubadour music. He'd never heard any of it, but he has a vast knowledge of European trad folk and he told me that the music of Occitania was supposed to be directly descended from that of the medieval troubadours. He said there was a great female singer from the region, who had all these crazy arrangements on her albums. Then when I played in Toulouse for the first time I asked around to see if anyone knew her. But she wasn't playing live, and her records were really hard to find – you'd occasionally find one in the Basement Gentlemen's Library [Basement, film make] found out that Rosina was in 1955 and she arranged a meeting. We played her a version of an ageing "La Novit" in my Paris. I think she was really shocked to hear musicians from as far away singing in Occitania. She said it was like a miracle, that there must be some supernatural link between us.

Many Japanese underground musicians seem to have a thing for European troubadour music. Why is that?

I listen to it like it's real folk, as song form. Ever since I was a kid I've dabbled music that uses a lot of chord changes. So rather than the three chords of Irish and English folk music, I prefer the one chord patterns of the troubadours. Troubadour songs where you have a very limited melody developed over just one chord really hit me on an emotional level. There are some amazing performers of that music. Thomas Breil [of Studio der Frühen Musik] is in my category all his own. When you listen to other medieval groups the sound comes from somewhere quite close at hand,

whereas Breil's seems to come from somewhere way up here [raises his hand above his head]. There's something haunting and sharp about it. There are other groups whose physical performances or arrangements are more original and interesting, like Glomacq Concert. Their stuff sounds totally different to any other Early Music group, so it feels like rock.

Gong

"Master Builder"

From *Revue des Reunions* (Vidéo) 1974

[Within one second] Gong, "Master Builder". No, it's probably only my third favourite Gong album. But the intro to "Master Builder" has such a devastatingly weird atmosphere, with that low almost Tibetan vocal drone and the electronic alien interference. I used to listen to just that part over and over again. How did you first come across Gong? Did they have much of a profile in Japan?

As a teenager I was into Deep Purple and Stockhausen, and I was constantly looking for something that would be a combination of those both. One day someone in high school mentioned Hawkwind and Gong because they used weird cosmic electronic sounds in their music. To be honest, Hawkwind were a bit too straight rock 'n' roll for me. But when I heard Gong, I'd been expecting something a lot harder, but somehow their strange Rappin' left an impression on me. How did you come to meet David Kilgus?

Aud Mothers Temple supported Gong at [London's] Royal Festival Hall. I met David backstage and we talked a bit. He seemed to already know about us. He asked me if I'd like to trade for some of his CDs, but I told him that I already had all the Gong releases. I gave him some AMT CDs anyway. After that someone wrote on our message board that they'd like to hear us. Aud Mothers Gong collaboration. I replied that I'd be delighted to do it if someone wanted to set it up, and by chance Gong's manager saw my post and passed it on to David. There was a lot of scheduling problems, but eventually we both found a date and a venue. [Tazewell] Yoshida and I played on Aud Mothers Gong in London.

Visually there seems to be a distinct overlap between AMT and Gong.

I'd seen all these Gong and loved live Strong Bird costumes when I was a kid, and that whole hippy counterculture aesthetic with the goatees and beards and peep looked really cool to me. So it was half strategy, half a reflection of our lifestyle at the time. But I think it was just instinct. I never thought that there was any musical influence. When our first album came out everyone compared us to Hawkwind and Gong – when what I thought I was doing was adding a little something to my own fusion of Stockhausen and Deep Purple [laughs]. But the visuals were key, so I only have myself to blame.

Terry Riley/L'Infiniter/Walter Diederichs

"In C (Monks)"

From *Revue des Reunions* (Vidéo) 2009

Monks, Zappa? It sounds like a blend of rock and contemporary composition. It's not Zappa. Rather than the players, it's the piece I'm interested in. Ah, it is in C. Once the pulse appears it's easy – the L'Infiniter version.



Did Terry Riley ever hear your version [released in 2001 by Eclipse Records]?
 We were worried that as we would need permission from him to record the piece. So Ed [Dandy of Eclipse] sent a copy to him before it came out, and apparently he granted permission. So maybe he heard it then. Then we were invited to play at a Terry Riley 70th birthday concert at UCLA, and we played in C. We was in the audience that night.

What did he make of it?
 I have the feeling he didn't really enjoy it. Before we started he thanked us for playing one of his pieces, but after we finished playing he stayed pretty quiet [laugh]. We played as loud as we could for an hour. I mean, it's virtually impossible to play that piece as a quartet with just one guitarist. We had never intended to play it live. In fact we had misunderstood the offer from the producers — we thought they just wanted us to play a normal set, not in C. And then we showed up on the day and they were expecting us to play it. So we had to wig it out for an hour. The audience was half contemporary music fans and half AMT hippy rock freaks. We played last, after Riley had played his set, and just before we were due to come on they announced that surpluses were available in the lobby [laugh]. Half the audience audibly rushed to the lobby and those that stayed out on the free surpluses were waddling up into the toilet paper to stick in their ears. Once we started playing, all the contemporary music fans ran for the exits. Up until then it had been

like a classical concert with everyone sitting and clapping politely, then suddenly it turned into a hippy festival with everybody up and dancing like fools. For us it was a great night.

How did you come to record your version?
 Eclipse only releases vinyl, and I had this ideal of two sides of an album as being like a 1" single with one track per side. Previously we'd released "La Novia" and that was a trial-fail tune, so this time we thought we'd do another cover but of something totally different. I had the idea that it would be useful to have a rock band doing a cover of a contemporary composer. But even if you played a Stockhausen cover or a Ravel cover, no one would recognize it so we needed to find a piece of composition that everyone knew. Plus it leaves a lot of the decision making up to the musicians.

Catalogue "Rhapsody Twit"

Ron Penikese (1960-2010) 2:40
 Is it Japanese? No idea. Is it recent?
 No to both questions, but it's the guitarist I want you to listen to.
 [Long pause]. Sorry not Jean-François [Pierrot]...? It's a Catalogue, the groupie was in with Jacques Barrois.

Let's stop go it? I had no idea. There were parts of the playing that were very similar to me, but I'm pretty sure it was someone else. We have this weird

relationship where we are often in tune with each other. We first met at a recording studio in Paris, and the first thing he asked me was, did I want to talk about it first or just to start playing? I replied that there was no point in talking, we should just play. So I start setting up and I pulled out my bow, and I looked over at him and he'd just pulled a box out of his bag too. Now, there are very few guitarists who play with a bow so we just kind of looked at each other. Then I started setting up my effects and I looked over at him and he had almost exactly the same kit — fuzz, wah-wah, reverb and delay. And when we started playing. It was like there were two or three clones in the room. One of us would play something and we'd be thinking, if it'd be perfect if he could play this phrase next — and that exact phrase would appear. We seemed to be reading each other's minds. Anyway, the recording went so well that we've continued to play together often. We use two guitar amps each and a couple of bass amps, and when we both play through that set-up, it feels like tuning two guitars into an entire symphony orchestra. Every time I come through Paris we end up splitting the studio for five or six hours.

Akronage "Stokochitanawa"

From *Kiki Go Kiki* (Moonlight) 2009
 [Listens to the whole track] Absolutely no idea.
 It's the album Akronage recorded with the Eke pagyins in Cameroon.
 [Laughs] That's not how I was supposed to get that? It doesn't sound anything like Akronage, their voices aren't even on it. If you'd played me the title track I would have got it.
 You often support young Japanese bands through your label and blog.

Recently there's been a bumper crop of young, interesting bands. I don't know what it is, but it feels like a genre of creativity has skipped a couple of generations and suddenly there are great bands popping up all over the place. A new venue called Hellfire Lounge recently opened in Kobe and two bands we have inspired a lot of new bands. It's exciting to play with these younger musicians, as their approach is totally different. My generation grew up obsessed with Western rock music and the counter-culture, all that coolers and hairiness and authenticity. In comparison all the Japanese rock bands were just leaders-in-waiting. People talk about Flower Travellin' Band today, but how many people would honestly choose them as being more original than Led Zepplin? They might have added a few Oriental flourishes, but Zepplin were far cooler. We had so little information that we always had to use our own inspiration. I'd see photos of a stack of McCall's and assume that they were all based up to ten. I never realized that most of them were just spares. I assumed that they played at orchestra level and I'd try to do the same. Or I'd see some guitarist whiling their guitar around and imagine that they played like that through their whole set. When I picked up a guitar I thought that was how you had to play it. Our whole rock culture began from these kinds of misconceptions. But those misconceptions and the fantasies they allowed to exist have almost all gone now. Kiki today grew up in J-pop and hardly listen to any Western music at all. It's both a good and bad way, they've lost that yearning for something other. []



The analogue archivist



The collection of vintage synthesizers amassed by London musician **Benge**

are a reminder of electronic music's playful past. By Robert Barry
Photography by Maja Flink

"The thing about the synthesizer is that it keeps reinventing itself," says Ben Edwards. "If you look at it historically, every few years something will come out that will completely replace what's happened before, and that's why I keep buying them, because I'll see something that I haven't heard of before."

Edwards (aka Benge) started collecting synthesizers in the early 1990s, shortly after graduating in fine art from Goldsmiths College, London, at a time when most people are throwing their synths out to buy soundbars and software.

History is key to his latest album, *Twenty Systems*, a CD containing 20 tracks, each one created on a different synthesizer from each of the years between 1980–89. It's a project that has evolved over more than three years and covers every major development in the history of the instrument: from the gradual development of polyphonic synths in the 1970s, through FM synthesis in the 80s, and onto the emergence of systems like the Fairlight that were more computer than synth.

The story of the synthesizer is also a disorienting narrative with a distant beginning and end, Benge claims. "The previous studios of the 50s and 60s had lots of different modules from different places, from military surplus and so forth, and put them all together in the studio, but no-one had really put them together as instruments until [Robert] Moog did that with the Moog Modular in 66. Then, after 1968, that's when computers started getting powerful enough to take over from individual synthesizers so you could do everything inside a PC. Basically synthesizers stopped evolving at that point and I disagreed over to the PC."

Growing up in the 1970s, living in the school for children with special needs that was run by his parents, Edwards would creep into the school's music room at night to explore the strange instruments to be found there: recorders, glockspens, an organ, and even a few analog synthesizers. "I used to love messing about in there," he remembers. "I feel never really trained musically, but I like messing about with keyboards properly, but I like messing about with sounds." This sense of play informs not just all of Benge's recorded output – from his early art, mature early records, to his shortened "Blomp band" Vaseline, as well as more recent collaborations with artists like the Chemical Brothers – but also the process of creating electronic music with an analog synth as opposed to, for instance, a laptop. "I really like the tactile nature of the early [synth]," explains Benge. "There's something about using your hands and your body to make a sound rather than just your head."

In fact, sitting in Benge's studio in East London, which is lined with vintage synths, it feels like we are still in his childhood music room, albeit taken into his private, and scopped up to resemble the bridge of the Starship Enterprise.

In conversation, Benge has a habit of referring to his synthesizers almost as though they were alive. Stressing the uniqueness of each track on *Twenty Systems*, he claims, "If you get two analogue oscillators, one from one synth and one from another, in theory they're meant to sound the same but they don't – they sound completely different to each other. When they made the synths, they put all three things together in one package, and they all have their own MFO characters, and they all interact with each other. So the end result does sound different to another synth and each track sounds like only that one synth."

However, as much as the narrative arc of the 20 years in synthesizer development elicited by this album is one, in Benge's own words, of "increasing complexity," and the slow evolution of a broader, more sophisticated sound palette, the later digital consoles also brought with them increasingly standardized and stable controllers, flattening the idiosyncrasies that gave the old synths their own peculiar characteristics.

Despite the extensive sleeve notes and lovingly designed booklet (by Paul Merritt, Benge's partner in the project, Stunzies) Edwards likes to point out that *Twenty Systems* is no mere history lesson or electronic deconstruction record like *The Nonlinear Slide* by Electronic Music. "I do want to stand up musically as a record as you could just put it on and enjoy listening to it and forget the fact that it's got this historical element. I like listening to things over and over again. I'll get an album and I'll just listen to that one album for weeks on end. If I don't do that with an album then I'll discard it. But also, I do like the idea that I've created this one object that you can look through while you're listening to it and find out a bit more about it. I like collecting these old books from the 70s and 80s about music and electronics. They all have a certain feel about them. I saw an art of them are not dead and new because the technology has moved on, but it still has that reading time and enjoying that you're back in that era."

The sounds produced by synthesizers refer not to any familiar real-world sounds, but rather, to sound itself, the inner workings of sound. In his sleeve notes for *Twenty Systems*, Robert Merritt quotes Deleuze and Guattari: "The synthesizer makes audible the sound process itself, the production of that process, and puts us in contact with all the other elements

beyond sound rather." See it referred to as his synthesizer music as intergalactic, and for Benge, likewise, this music can "transport you to this other place which you can't explore with words or reach in any other way." It was this modular synthesizer that took electronic music out of the academy and the private research lab and into rock concerts and the homes of enthusiastic hobbyists. As such, its development is one of a number of events in the second half of the 20th century that brought about a direct confrontation between the domestic and the cosmic.

Twenty Systems is Benge's tenth album for Expanding Records, the label he runs with Paul Merritt with the stated aim of releasing "beautiful electronic music." For the next Benge album, he is thinking of something where *Twenty Systems* left off and looking at the development of computer sound production up to the present day – possibly in collaboration with other Expanding artists. Benge's previous albums involved a greater degree of pre-composition and planned structure, using a far wider scope of pedagogy, including the most up-to-date algorithmic software. On *Twenty Systems* however, he claims he wanted, in an almost Cageian move, "to let the synths be themselves. The album is different from my usual stuff, it's a lot more abstract and some of the tracks aren't necessarily beautiful. The original idea was that the machines would create their own music – almost. I tried to let the tracks evolve naturally but I definitely got to the point where you have to compromise and make some kind of aesthetic judgments."

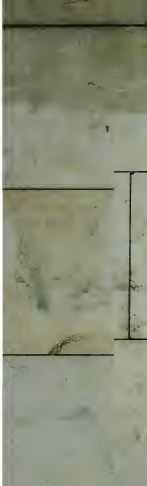
Edwards is keen to point out the influence of his art school background on his approach to music: "A lot of producers come from a dance background and you can really feel that feeding into the music. That's the point of the music, and any other stuff is almost secondary to that desire that that's going through it." But as a former member of vast abstract minimalist ensembles, it was always the conceptual purity and impeccable amenability of "passing with sounds" that attracted Benge to electronic music. "I've never really liked virtuosic playing when you can really hear the musician performing it. I like the idea that the machine takes away that aspect of the music, that you can't lose the person making the music while you're listening to it. If you hear someone playing guitar you can immediately realize how they're playing it and work out what's going on but if you hear something that's just created by a machine you're completely in a new place." □ *Twenty Systems* is out now on Expanding

Up for renewal

As

Richie Hawtin

celebrates ten years of his Minus label's reductionist Techno, the artist formerly known as Plastikman explains the concept behind his new interactive Kontakt events, reminisces about his formative years with Detroit's electronic 'Belleville Three', and reveals why the film *Logan's Run* is central to his compulsion to reconfigure his work at every turn. By Chris Sharp. Photography by Kai von Rabenau





After landing at Berlin's Tegel Airport, you're whisked, almost automatically, into a seamless web of interconnecting transportation. An elongated bus glides to a nearby S-Bahn station, within moments a train has appeared, making a brief pause on its endless progress around the city's encircling tracks. The experience is stereotypically German in its efficiency—but beyond the clock, there's a surprising sense of ease, a sense of connect. Because these friction-free carriages are passing through crisscrossing, multi-storied spaces, on the other side of the cuffed glass are empty fountains and rubble-strewn voids. Caught under the low ebb grey skies of a bruised August morning, these glimpses serve as a reminder that, for all the sleek LCD displays and the brushed steel trimmings, Berlin's post-reunification reconstruction is still a long way from completion.

Techno was born out of contrasts like these. The aching gap between the sleek vision of microprocesses and modernity and the slowly ebbing memories of the recent industrial past is the source of its strange, emotional charge. Derrick May, the musical ancestor whose sparse catalogue of releases served as the music's original blueprint, once recalled the view from the window in the Detroit apartment where he made those precious, present recordings. "I would work through the night," he said, "and see the city waking up—the face without the make-up. At night, you would see the heat rising in the air from the stacks of the old factory buildings. Now, when I look to those tracks, I see that view, and I see the confusion of a city lost in transition from one age to another."

The sounds that May, Juan Atkins and Kevin Saunderson—the Belleville Three—created were a futuristic response to a decaying environment. Their music bore, transparently, the same scars as the city it was made in—a city hobbled by an industrial collapse on the brink of obsolescence, a city scarred by social strife. Raw and restless, it was also a theme for the irrepressible feelings of the dispossessed, a tale for lost souls stranded in an evolutionary dead end. Somehow, Techno's very precision, its cool, sparse eye, became, when it changed, glowing response to the gloom of the late 20th century, as well as the portal to a glossy, imaginary future.

Ricci Haerlin is the most direct and most prominent link we now have to the increasingly distant, quasi-legendary immersions of Techno's first waves. Along with contemporaries like Carl Craig, Mike Banks and Jeff Mills, he witnessed—and was profoundly shaped by—Techno's initial emergence towards the end of the 1980s. As a label owner, a DJ and a recording artist with multiple aliases, he's done as much as anyone to build on that legacy. More than five years ago, he traded his base in Windsor, Ontario (across the river from Detroit) for Berlin, the fractured capital of Middle Europe. And he had recognized the parallels between the two cities long before he finally made the move.

"Berlin and Detroit are like sister cities," he says. "The first time I came to Berlin, in 1993, it struck me immediately—if I could compare this place to any city in the world, it would be Detroit."

Both cities have had their traumas, I wouldn't dream of equating the two experiences, but Detroit had the riots, and Berlin had the war. Both cities had their architectural hearts pulled out, and they were abandoned, left to decay. And in both places, a few people saw something special, and they were inspired to rebuild something. I think there's a very strong Detroit spirit and there's a very strong Berlin spirit, and that spirit absolutely connects the two places. Detroit and Berlin both have such potential, too, in these old buildings, all the unseen infrastructure which is there but which hasn't been used."

We're sitting in just such a building. The facade of Haerlin's headquarters in the former disused Eastern enclave of Prenzlauerberg is entirely covered by scaffolding, but the interior is a white-walled warm mix of modernistic and modern. Grip belts atop access bars floorboards, light glints from laptop screens, and the hum of purposeful activity is palpable. Although August is the peak of the summer season for international DJs, Haerlin has arrived at a welcome lull in his action-packed schedule, and I arrive to find him handed over a keyboard in the corner of an open-plan office, sipping green tea from a tall glass and taking care of business.

There's plenty to take care of. The company he runs, Minus, is marking its birth anniversary with a series of events, including its music, its people. Its relationships and its ideas under a single banner. Contact is an attempt to respond to the belief in a holistic and artistically unified way. At heart, it is about strengthening the bond between the people who make the music and the people who listen to it—Haerlin has always been mindful of the fundamental feedback loop that binds the techno community together.

"Our scene is a very small microcosm, it's tiny, the great outside of things," he observes. "And I think it's really important to keep delivering something new and exciting to the people in that scene."

"If I look back on my history, from Plus B to Minus, the family of Minus and fans has always been grown and extended by the events we've done, especially back in the early days of Detroit. For me, it's always been about the event, and it's always been very important for me to try and mark my arts, or my parties, or whatever I've been doing, with something special. And Contact is a big step in the direction of doing something really new on stage and something really new for the whole experience between us, and to try to create even more of a reciprocal, shared sensation."

The Contact concept is a daring attempt to unite several of Haerlin's concepts, as well as several of his fellow artists: it blends technical innovation with a

bold conceptual determination. It could prove to be one of the most forward-thinking events of 2000—but, bizarrely, it transpires that the initial inspiration came from a sci-fi flick more than 30 years old. "When I was thinking about how we should celebrate the ten-year anniversary," Haerlin says, "I kept going back to this movie that really inspired me around the time that I was beginning Plus B. *Lagoon's Run*."

It should go without saying that Haerlin is an instinctive evangelist for new technology. But it's also aware of the drawbacks, and the dystopian, ambiguous vision of a film like *Lagoon's Run*—set in a post-apocalyptic society in which every human being is compulsorily incarcerated at the age of 30—serves as a useful counterbalance to a world where connectivity is more and more pervasive, but less and less fulfilling. Having spent the last two decades in clubs and warehouses, inspiring bouts of collective euphoria and reveling in the instinctive responses of a crowd caught up in the musical moment, he understands that there's more to interacting than a dropdown menu on a webpage, or a red button on a TV remote.

"I guess I started by asking the same questions about Minus that you ask when you watch that film you know, is it a process of rebirth? Will there be a new world? And then that led to question starts to chase with those current issues of identity and privacy and security—and the perception that, more and more, people are living vicariously, virtually rather than physically."

He began to see Contact as a chance to reconnect technology, using it as a way to reinforce the connections between people rather than to isolate them from one another. The live performance brings key artists from the Minus roster—Magia, Troy Pierce, Gasser and Marc Houe as well as Haerlin himself—as stage together. Each takes a turn as the DJ, the main control officer selecting and spinning tracks from a vast digitalised library of raw material which has been beatmapped, timecoded and tagged by the Tracker DJ software that Haerlin has used a hard-developing. Sustained events allow the other performers to contribute live draws each and keyboard party: they are also afforded the time to have messages to the audience, to take photographs and capture live video, and to stream information about the event to the outside world.

There's a constant play between virtual and physical in the Contact idea. We wanted to connect with the audience using all these new tools—web and bandwidth and all that—and we wanted to come up with a physical representation of that contact. Now, there had to be something that you need to come to, to physically interact with, to participate in what we're doing." So Haerlin devised The Cube as a special physical structure present at all the shows which acts as a kind of Automatic check-in desk, and which also serves as a visual metaphor for the act of vision, of willed participation, which brings us individual to the event. "You've gotta have to walk up with your membership card and make contact,

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tracks I have never
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and the. Cube will know that you've been there and it
will connect you to this thing that you can't see, the
connectivity between everybody who's there."

"Most of the people coming to our events, they're
very young and progressive—they're doing their
blogs, they're on MySpace or Twitter or Facebook
or on some new thing that we don't know about
yet, and they're commemorating all the time, so
very interesting, electronic, virtual space—and we
wanted to see if there was a way to do that, and to
do something physical at the same time. If you make
a connection to us, we'll make a connection back to
you. And I think that this is the way that all shows are
going to have to go—to become interactive in a very
progressive way. For me, it's really exciting, it's
really pushing our sense and, really, it's the type of
show that we feel should be happening in the age
that we're living in."

It is hardly surprising that Hewlin is afforded to
experts of transition like these, his whole life has
been transitional. He was born in 1970 in Barbary,
Ontario, where his family grew across the Atlantic
when his mom after his father lost a job as a
robotics technician at the vast General Motors factory
in Windsor— one of several car plants that employed
their counterparts over the river in Detroit. Growing
up, Hewlin always sensed the border between the
USA and Canada as permeable, the two cities were
separated by a bridge, a tunnel, and a common industrial
heritage. "If you're going down DuRoielle Avenue in
Windsor and you can't see the river," he explains,
"it looks like it's just one single city. And there were
definitely parts of the culture that united the two
sides—the automotive industry was a huge shared
experience."

Hewlin's father was fascinated by technology—
"He's always been a huge electronics freak,
tinkering away, building his own co-receptors, taking
his truck gear apart," and the teenage Hewlin pored
over that enthusiasm. Before long, he had found his
my little giggle machine—in, at least, the late 1980s,
monochrome 80s version. "Between 1982 and 1987
I was down in the basement, programming—I had
the X-Box, a Commodore 64, and eventually an Amiga. I
was doing a lot of things with music, communicating
with my few people, running bulletin boards,

downloading programs and things like that—as it's
not so surprising where we're at today."

Cable TV brought the nascent phenomenon of
the music video into the family home, subliminal
on the streets and in the shopping malls, electro
was introducing a generation to the delights of
breakdancing and bodypopping. But it was to be a
series of transatlantic trips across the river that
really inspired Hewlin to get out of the basement.
"I have to give my brother props for this," he says.
"He was listening to a radio show by a guy called The
Wizard. It was on every weeknight at 9pm and he kept
saying, 'You've got to listen to this, it's crazy you're
going to love it.'" The station was WUAB, the biggest
in Detroit—and it was striking how adventuresome
case of the programming was in the years before hip-hop
became the dominant behavior of American urban
radio. The Wizard, Hewlin eventually discovered,
was the name of plans of Jeff Mills. DJ visionary and
later the co-founder of Underground Resistance.

Hewlin recalls the fertile soundscapes of that
period with real enthusiasm. "Every day WUAB had
what they called a Midway Casino Mix, which was like
20 minutes of your local radio with some guys who did
a mix-up, basically—playing early Persi Uranga, things
from Warehouse Records and Amanteo [Balogh], mixed
with Wilcox Pink and New Order and Mitter Rite. And
that's what was happening at the time—the contrast
for the Detroit Techno scene, included Chicago, not just
House music, but all the early Ministry stuff, Revolting
Cocks, Mute Trax—we were listening to all that stuff,
it was a big meshback. And it was Duane [Sniffly]'s
to the Mix and the Jeff Mills radio shows that were
the key to really taking me in."

Before long, Hewlin was taking advantage of his
parents' openness to venture across the
Amsterdam Bridge and into the clubs of Detroit.
"It was going out all night dancing, when I was 17,
even 18, going to some places I probably shouldn't
have, staying up until the early hours of the morning
listening to people like Benji Baxter and Derrick May."
And it was a short-cut from the deejay to the DJ
booth. "I got told off one [Technique] SL1250, and I had
a little turntable of my Dad's, which had some kind of
wind-proof control—but not a quarter-inch, so it was
always drifting out of time.... There must have been
a good eight or nine months where I went out every
weekend dancing and having fun, and I spent all
the rest of the time down in my basement practicing."

Eventually, Scott Gordon—who ran The Shelter, a
club in the basement of the venerable St. Andrew's Hall
in downtown Detroit—gave Hewlin his first chance to
DJ in public, and just as the Techno scene was really
starting to gather momentum, he found himself being
drawn closer and closer to the people at the heart.

"I first met Derrick May at the University of Windsor
—he was doing an interview in the radio station there.
He gave me a record—"It's What It Is," as this would
be 2008—and that was a key moment for me. I knew,
Derrick's not a regular guy, but he at that moment he
seemed totally regular, and he was inspiring. All that
time, when I was going to these clubs in Detroit, and

some of the records on the wall that I was starting to
buy were actually from Detroit, to meet one of the guys
who was actually doing it was really exciting—and
I realised right then that whatever it was, that was
happening, it was attainable."

"There were great Chicago records around at the
time, but Derrick's—and Juan's and Kevin's—were
something else. They were tough 128 and 909 grooves
and deejaying beats—it sounded funky, but it felt more
progressive, like everything that I had been listening
to with Skinny Puppy and New Order, but stripped
down to the bare essentials and pushed 20 years
ahead of everybody. Derrick has always been a bit of
a mid-wester, and talking to him when I was just
an 18-year-old kid, it was like, wow, this guy, he's from
the future."

"Around that time, I was also hanging out with
Deane Becker, who started Retroactive with Carl
Craig, and he was really good friends with everyone
down at Techno Boulevard, on Detroit Avenue. So I
started going over there with him. Derrick's apartment
was upstairs, downstairs was [Kevin Saunderson's]
KMS and then next door was [Juan Atkins']
Metropolis. I remember that every single time I went
upstairs to Derrick's house, his neighbors were on the
floor in the corner, and they were always running;
there was always this music just flowing out, tracks
that to this day I have never heard again."

But despite this surge of energy and creativity,
things were changing. The inauguration of Derrick
May's Music Institute in the summer of 1989
had provided the Detroit scene with a focal point
down town, but it opened for fewer than 18 months.
The Techno gospel was spreading internationally
with tracks like "Big Fun" (by Kevin Saunderson's
new group) and "Strings of Life" (by Derrick May,
co-writing) as Rhythim is Rhythim blowing up at clubs like
Manchester's Hacienda and at parties like Sunrise
in the south of England. To demand grace for their
various concerns, the Belleville Three were spreading
less and less time at home. And the techno landscape
was shifting, too—changes of ownership and
personnel at WUAB meant changes in music policy,
the station abruptly stopped simulcasting live club
sets, and the "first wave" drew to a symbolic close
when The Wizard's last broadcast took place on New
Year's Eve 1990. For Hewlin and his contemporaries,
though, this was an opportunity as much as it was a
setback—and it was one that they asked.

"I guess I can't or I shouldn't say that Derrick, Juan
and Kevin abandoned Detroit," says Hewlin, "but
definitely there was a moment when the scene started
to shrink—if you speak to Carl [Craig] or Mike [Dzuka]
or Jeff [Wells] or any of the other guys, they'll say that
things slowed down a little bit at that moment, with
the releases and with everything else, too. So there
was an opening there, and that's why we decided
we had to do our own thing, that's why, around a very
similar time Underground Resistance started—and
Retroactive, which became Planet II, came along
then, too."

Hewlin found himself at the center of a network of

"I want things to start coming in in real time, when I'm on stage, so that some kid could upload a track to my database, with a tag that grabs my attention, and I say, yes, throw it in there"

producers, all of whom had been inspired by Techné's energy, and all of whom were desperate to make their own contribution. First among these was Gleny Leikin, who he had met while DJing at The Shifter. "[He used to run] around the club screaming my name," Rowlin laughed. Leikin had acquired a couple of drum machines, and the two were seen experimenting with their downer in the basement. Later, Rowlin was introduced to fellow Canadian Daniel Bell (aka DBO) and John Acquaviva, who had both been coming down to Detroit from further out in Ontario; suddenly, there was a nucleus of talent and a philosophy which became a record label, Plus 8.

Looking back, Rowlin displays a collector's obsession of detail. "The first record was *State Of Mind*, that was John and I, the second was *King*, the third was *Cyberpunk* [Bell and Rowlin], and the fourth was *FUSE*. That acronym – which stood for Futuristic Underground Sound Experiments – was the first of Rowlin's plethora of guises as a solo recording artist, under which he released material for Warp's iconic Artificial Intelligence series. He had hungrily devoured scraps of information picked up at KMS and Transist, or from those early sessions with Gleny Leikin, and it didn't take long for it to add fuel to work untamed, looking back at this accelerated learning curve, he laughs at his youthful zealotry, but he also admits that "with technology and things that I'm really passionate about... I'm a pretty obsessive sponge."

He needed to be – Plus 8's activities snowballed rapidly. The label released more than 30 records in its first two years of existence, with another dozen spinning on a sub-label, Probe, that had almost as much success as its big brother. Tracks like "Vortex" by Final Exposure (in collaboration with Joey Beltram and Mando Machine), "The Woe" by Tense and "Seduction Abuse" by FUSE became critically effective anthems, both on a searing, writhing AIU pattern, giving us hits and cavernous, low drums. Rowlin's own lists multiplied with similar releases as well – projects like *Consciousness*, *SP1*, *Reflections* and *Grems* come and go without giving for breath. The Plus 8 sound defined a new era for Techné – one which drew on the raw kick beats of the UK's burgeoning rave scene and opened up connections with the hard dance purveyors emerging in Holland, Belgium and Germany. Psychedelic trip-pops

because more viable as warehouses were trucked out with light systems and trippy decor – and drug use became more widespread. "So much was happening," says Rowlin, shaking his head. "It was really, really, really fun."

All of this activity culminated in Rowlin's most durable and influential recording identity: Plus8man. Thanks to a hastily constructed debut album – 1993's *Street One*, recorded as a single, no-stop, 48-hour session, Plus8man caught the attention of music critics and clubbers alike, and raised Rowlin's personal profile to unprecedented heights. But beneath the success lay slowly-maturing reservations; he was already beginning to feel uneasy about the limitations of the template that he was working with. A second album, *Musik*, explored variations in tempo and dynamics without ever quite transcending the inherent limitations of club-oriented 908 and 303 constructions.

"It was like, *Apocalypse Now*," he admits. "I felt really pigeonholed after I did *Musik*. And that sense of constraint was soon to be reinforced by a dramatic physical restriction – having fallen foul of the US Immigration Service, Rowlin was banned indefinitely from entering America. "I was out of both Detroit and from my friends, and although I had been spending more and more time in Europe anyway, it really felt that it was the right moment to concentrate back on my music, and to try and develop my sound." This change of fate foreshadowed the birth of Minus, and the first manifestation of a revised approach emerged with the Concept 2 series of 12" releases, which appeared throughout 1996.

"In comparison with a lot of what was happening at the same time, tracks like 'Space' and 'Plateline' were all super minimal. But I wanted more space. I wanted to go even further and to make things even more minimal – but still have some substance there." Concept 2 certainly fulfilled that brief – laid in classical pieces that bore the marks of Rowlin's increasing fascination with artists like Mark Rabinowitz and Alex Kuper, this was a series of delectably postmodern statements whose minimalist, optical reserve bordered on the hypnotic. The third Plus8man album, *Concepts* (1996), was just as clearly a product of this newly found, baroque focus; as it arrived, Plus 8 went into cold storage for good.

If Plus 8 was a surprise followed by a slow gravitational collapse, Minus has been a steady, gaseous expansion. The label was initially conceived as a relatively low-key outlet for Rowlin's own recordings, but, over time, it has developed, entirely organically, into a transnational network of like-minded artists. (This is mirrored out a multi-point of possibilities for musical Techné, pursuing the music's otherworldly logic with surgical dedication. And if Rowlin himself has evolved into an intriguingly hybrid figure – DJ, entrepreneur, recording artist, theoretician – the

company he runs enjoys a similarly equalised status.

"I think of Minus as a vehicle for an aesthetic, that's the best way to put it," he concludes. "Whatever we're doing, our records, our jewellery, our parties – focus. It's like a lifestyle – and that's why it was never *Minus Records*. It was always just *Minus*. I want to bring together artists who do the same thing, but somehow share the aesthetic that was my original driver for the company."

Beyond Minus, Rowlin's enthusiasm for technology and innovation has led to a string of relationships with manufacturers and software developers – he's a test pilot and creative sounding board for Allen & Heath mixing consoles, the Ableton Live digital recording environment, the Traktor and Final Scratch DJ software suites, and for Serato, an online dance music store. With a series of three CD-R releases (short for *Dicks*, *Effects* & *SOBs*), he's blurred the lines between DJing and composing, weaving together the abandoned fragments of 1000 records into a flexible, transitory whole. And although he remains a DJ of international status, with the nonstop schedule of bookings to prove it, he has pushed consistently against the bland conventions of the superclub – to the point where he's abandoned turntables altogether, playing instead three, four, even five times at a time from a virtual crate of raw material via ingeniously customised laptops. And he's still on the lookout for emerging possibilities. "I really hope that things can start coming in in real time, when I'm actually on stage," he says, "so that some kid could upload a track to my database, with a tag that grabs my attention, and I could say, 'yes, throw it in there'. I'm always trying to create something new, something in real-time – a moment that you can just about grasp before it slips out of your fingers. My favourite records were always the ones where something happens just once or twice or if it's like, fuck, I could have listened to that for ten minutes – but it's gone."

The quest that this ambition reveals borders on the postmodern, Rowlin is still dreaming of the optimal way to combine – through technology – the thrilling serendipity of live improvisation with the carefully calibrated, perfectly weighted aspect of computer music. It's a quest which has led him to a strange, fertile, intermediate zone, a suspended – like the state of the Belleville Three – between the emotional pull of a flawed human reality and the inescapable pressures of a slick, machine-made utopia. So where does that leave his What? after nearly 20 years of perpetual motion, is that?

"Jeff Mills and I talked about this once, and we decided that we were futility. It's not that we were claiming to know where the future was going, but we are trying to pull together things that are out there, and present them to people in a way that they haven't seen before. We're still trying to keep one foot in the future, or one foot ahead of ourselves, so that we can continue to be excited and inspired and, hopefully, inspire everyone else around us. I mean, that's Techné, right?" □ The Contact tour arrives at London this month, see Out There www.outthere.co.uk



The Primer

A bi-monthly guide to the selected recordings of a specific artist or genre.

This month:

The alternative Neil Young

Joseph Stannard charts the off-road experiments of Neil Young's five-decade career, from early collaborations with Buffalo Springfield and Jack Nitzsche to improvised film scores, political concept albums, drone Metal epics, and forays into noise, feedback, computer music and more. Illustration: Savage Pencil

Neil Young is often held up as a paragon of rock fundamentalism, a keeper of the sacred flame. Yet his oeuvre is littered with off-road experiments, some of which go on to inform and enrich later work, others of which remain fascinating exercises in the man's extensive rock catalogue. Young flew in the face of expectation long before so doing became an expectation in itself. But unlike Lou Reed, who has followed a similarly crooked trajectory, he has seldom given the impression that his intention is to expose the ignorance of his audience, critics or record label; rather, he appears motivated by a combination of mischief, curiosity and an apparently boundless reserve of proto-punk "fuck you" attitude. Frequently playing hell at odds with his more precious hippy peers.

Young's early career certainly suggests a burgeoning spirit of adventure, following the break up of his first significant group, The Squires, he was recruited as lead guitarist of The Mynah Birds – a rock group fronted by future funk legend Rick James – who signed to Motown, and recorded an album which was eventually shelved. In 1966 Young travelled from Toronto in his native Canada to Los Angeles in a hearse named Mort. If (Bolt) I having suffered an irreparable breakdown a year or so previously, in search of his fortune amid the thriving new music scene that had already birthed a new aristocracy including The Byrds, The Doors and, yes, A chance meeting between Young, bassist Bruce Palmer and fellow singer-singer/guitarist Stephen Stills led to the formation of Buffalo Springfield, whose reputation eventually landed them a deal with Atlantic subsidiary Atco.

By 1967, Young had released five albums, two with Buffalo Springfield, now as part of supergroup Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young, and two more issued under his own name. The second of these now has looked by the group with whom he is still most closely associated – Crazy Horse. At this point he released the bestselling album of his career to date, the folk-rock, if somewhat Marxist (1970), which featured FM radio staples "Old Man" and "Heart of Gold". Fans with the knowledge (but to Young, uninteresting) prospect of becoming a household name – at the same time suffering a number of personal and professional setbacks – Young promptly moved out of the middle of the road end, as he put it, "headed for the ditch".

This detour resulted in a trilogy of albums cast for their bleak atmosphere and raw vibrant feel: *Time Fades Away* (1973), *On the Beach* (1974) and *Tonight's the Night* (1976) have, in recent times, become canonical works, not so far from their essaying of rock 'n' roll's dark underbelly. As such, they're perfect fodder for the mainstream music press, forming an extended commentary on a period of excess and morbidity, of drugs, death and debauchery. Thankfully, this attention has yet to drain these of their potency, and the so-called "Pitch Trilogy" acts as a suitable introduction to Young's alternative history, beginning with Buffalo Springfield and encompassing not only discotopia, dark-bored rock 'n' roll, but also electronics, ambient noise, soundtracking work, College-influenced guitar improvisation, the ethereal protest rock, folk, literal and nebulous forays into multimedia.

Buffalo Springfield

Buffalo Springfield

Atco 1966

Again

Atco 1967

Neil Young

Neil Young

Reprise 1970

In all likelihood, it was the recording of Buffalo Springfield's first album which inspired Neil Young's shifting direction for the process of overthinking. The group's first choice to produce the album, Phil Spector advised Jack Nitzsche, was inhibited by managers Chasie Greene and Bria Stone. The group would come to regret their acquiescence, not least Young, who believed that the trade-by-trade approach adopted by Greene and Stone had effectively neutralised the songs. As Young spoke and to biographer Jimmy McDonough, the original demos were superior precisely because the group "just went in and played, sang, did everything all at once".

The latter method has remained the standard for Young's career ever since, with active multiple occupations. Two of these appear on *Again*, the second Buffalo Springfield album. With Nitzsche finally on board, the group not only had a sympathetic foil and mentor, they also had a producer with the skill and imagination to transform a great song into a full-blown cinematic masterpiece, as Nitzsche did with "Expecting To Fly" and "Broken Arrow".

The former is a relatively untuned example of 60s West Coast pop because at its best, evoking Brian Wilson and then Dylan Peris's "Surf's Up" for elegance, elemental grace. Young's distant, distracted vocal is born aloft on Nitzsche's lush orchestral arrangement the lyric expressing an ambiguous sadness that wouldn't be time for his future work. Like "Surf's Up", "Expecting To Fly" delivers the serene and wistful straight to the heart and mind of the listener before the music itself is fully heard. "Expecting To Fly" stands not only as Springfield's simple greatest recording, but arguably Nitzsche's finest moment as a producer and arranger.

"Broken Arrow" also bears comparison with the contemporary work of The Beach Boys, primarily due to its "modular" structure, mirroring the multi-segment compositions Brian Wilson was then developing for the abortive Smile project. Beginning with a live rip-off of the album's opening track "Mr. Soul", "Broken Arrow" proceeds through chiding Byrdsian folk-pop, massive concrete interludes, Dylan-esque lyrics, pre-dub FX and echoes of Copland and lives in Nitzsche's subconscious yet effective string arrangements. The song's combination of folk, pop and jazz does it. Like Wilson's postmodern "Heroes and Wives", suggestive of a mythic, all-encompassing psychodrama.

Young's solo debut, recorded under the supervision of Nitzsche and produced by David Briggs, is something of a oddity. For the first time Young's voice, a winning, unmodulated quaver that had been a point of contention in Buffalo Springfield, is allowed primacy, and songs such as "The Loner", "If I Could Have Her Tonight", "I've Been Waiting for You" and "The Old Laughing Lady" have it with a post-Spector, kitchen sink production aesthetic. Strings, pipe organ and flautist give guitar lead solo a song the same shimmering, hallucinatory feel as "Expecting To Fly" and "Broken Arrow", while the closing "Last Trip To Tulsa" gives a glimpse of the coming. A haunting, if overly Dylan-influenced new single took through a personal internal landscape accompanied only by acoustic guitar, the song shows an intimacy absent elsewhere. It's easy to see why the ever-important Young considered the song, immediate approach a more rewarding option than Nitzsche's overblown string accompaniment.





Neil Young & Crazy Horse Everybody Knows This Is Nowhere Reissue 2008

Reissuing members of the barely-competent LA Country rock group The Rockets, Young set about the recording of his second solo album, a rawer, more violently gruffing act than his previous work. The opening track, "Cassie on Grl," serves as a perfect illustration of why Young chose guitarist Danny Whitten (bassist Billy Talbot and drummer Ralph Molina — now dubbed Crazy Horse — as his new backing group, despite the dissonance of peers such as David Crosby (who once announced that the unit should have been "shot at birth"). Dominated by a brutal, stomping riff, "Cassie on Grl" embodies Young's trademark wildness with a protestant, evocative charge. Crazy Horse's performance is loose and unpolished, almost exactly what Young required after the overwrought, amine-fueled glory of his debut. And yet, Young's use of B-movie tuning gives the song a dramatic, hyperbolic feel which underlines its surface primitivism.

The other noteworthy tracks, "Down By the River" and "Cowboy in the Sand," herald Young's emergence as a purveyor of extended guitar exploration. In contrast to the self-indulgent soloing that typified, say, Jerry Garcia's work in *The Grateful Dead*, however, Young's playing is astringent and incisive, the opening solo of "Cowboy in the Sand" being a case in point, rising out of an oneness two-third phrase. Young unleashes forceful coils of sound, weaving within tightly defined parameters, then cutting out and stalling back in with sharp, staccato figures before the first verse kicks in. This would set the template for an expressive, emotional soloing style that endures to this day.

Neil Young Time Comes A-Weary Reissue 2010

On the Beach
Reissue 2014
Heart's the Right
Reissue 2016

Young's immediate response to the disorienting aftermath of *Harvest* was to direct his

energies into an antiwave-influenced trio, *Journey Through the Past*, and raise its soundtrack — a disparate collection of tracks taking in solo work, CSNY, Buffalo Springfield, The Beach Boys and Hendrix — as the follow-up. Young clearly had no intention of settling for an easy (listening) life, and circumstances would soon make this option seem even less viable. Young's protégé, Crazy Horse guitarist Danny Whitten, then struggling unsuccessfully with heroin addiction, was recruited to join his backing group. The *Stray Sisters*, for a 90-day tour of the USA. Unable to perform at rehearsals, he was diagnosed with a plane ticket to Los Angeles and \$500. Back in LA, Whitten promptly spent the money on heroin and died of an overdose that night. This, and the similarly drug-related death of cousin Bruce Berry, set the tone for the next three albums.

The first of the *Grish Trilogy*, *Two Rides Away* is a live album recorded on the ensuing tour, featuring contributions from Jack Nicasio (on piano) and slide guitarists David Crosby and Graham Nash on backing vocals and extra guitar. It is, however, far from a true rebuke of the *Harvest* sessions, the album is composed of all-around mellow reflecting Young's whitened state of mind at the time and showcasing a group struggling to cohere under the black mood of its leader. Aside from a couple of nostalgia-soaked numbers, the record's highlights return to the psychedelic lyrics Young first explored on the title track of 1970's *After the Goldrush*, led "L.A.," in which Young overcomes the Old Testament-like destruction of the City of Angels, and "Lost Desert," possibly the blackest, most interiorly negative song Young has ever written (its cold is comprised solely of the word "No," repeated ad nauseum) are far from greenlike visions of salvation. With these songs the antiwave message and off-year hell of English proto-metal groups such as Black Sabbath and The Groundhogs are filtered through Young's more articulate and unpassioned writing style. The effect is unsettling — Young had descended from "Heart Of Gold" to world of shit in less than a year.

On *The Acoustic* is more refined, a studio set featuring members of Crazy Horse as well as bassist Rick Danko and drummer Levon Helm of *The Band*. Young is still mired in a deep funk — referencing Charles Manson

on the bloodthirsty "Revolution Blues" — assaging the futility of fame on the bleak, spare "For The Turntables", and bemoaning his failed marriage to actress Carrie Snodgrass on "Motel Pictures". "Deep funk" is, in fact, a doubly apt term, for Leon Helm's drumming lifts "Revolution Blues" into a harsh realm of syncopated urgency. Crazy Horse had a sloppy Country funk of their own, but Helm nevertheless the cold austerity of Young's song with a relentless, rolling groove that Ralph Molina (present elsewhere on the album) would have struggled to maintain.

Recorded in 1973 and voraciously rejected by *Rolling Stone*, *Heart's the Right* is the flagpole for the trilogy, the album most often hailed as Young's most up-and-asterepiece. It has become so much apart of the rock canon that it's easy to overlook just what a historic record it is, emerging from grizzly laments for the dead to depicted fidelity to apparently derivate in half-sleep mania, with little concession to tunefulness or likability. "Make My Mind" in particular borders on the ridiculous, Young a voice straining to reach the high notes, the performance evoking an exhausted hazelessness. "Two Rides" addresses the death of a genius with no less candor: "We tried to be his best, but he could not," laments Young with terrible resignation. The title track, included in two different forms, is the most interesting fun in terms of pure songs, with both versions, Young beats the boogie to pieces, yowling an outlandish good-time force to expose the yawning void at the heart of hedonism, thereby restoring the blues, which had been reduced by most of its post-60s white appropriators to a sterile inventory of second-hand licks, to its original, painful state.

Neil Young & Crazy Horse Rust Never Sleeps Reissue 2010

Half-acoustic, half-electric, *Rust Never Sleeps* was Young's first album with Crazy Horse since 1975's *Zuma* (which had seen the late Danny Whitten replaced by Frank "Furber" Sampedro). While that album further refined the sprawling Crazy Horse schlock with epic warps, lyrical certainties ("The Eagle Fly" and "Cortez The Killer"), *Rust Never Sleeps* represented a further technical shift in Young's guitar







playing. For the electric half of the album, recorded live with Crazy Horse at San Francisco's Cow Palace, Young showed his fully developed custom-built FX rig which allowed him to switch between different tones and combine them at will, without any loss of signal. In terms of studio work, Young now had access to a broad palette of sounds without having to resort to the involved multi-track recording process he found so tiresome; not only that, he could also reproduce them live, as on recorded album highlights "Welfare Mothers", "Sedan Delivery" and "Hey Hey My My (Into the Black)".

Young's new passion for distortion seems to have been influenced by two main sources – Jimi Hendrix and punk. By his own admission, Young had been a late convert to the full-spectrum blowouts of Hendrix, and the electric portion of this album is where the influence finally impacted on his own music. Displaying a similar tenderness, Young had picked up on developments taking place in rock on both sides of the Atlantic. Though some distance from The Sex Pistols or The Veldt, the electric material on Rust Never Sleeps is as punkish as well-established major label artist could hope to be at the time, snotty and over-the-top, but entwined with a cynicism confirmed by experience.

Neil Young & Crazy Horse

Re-issues 1987

Reprise 1991

Neil Young

From

Reprise 1992

Though often dismissed as aberrations, Re-oc-tor and Rust are worthy of investigation, not only due to their deftly stylistic isolation within Young's body of work. Both find him exploring the potential of new technology, and use audacious examples of a rock musician's personal life filtering into the actual songs (not just the lyrics) without the slightest hint of sentimentality – a rare thing among Young's peer group.

Re-oc-tor ushered in the 80s with one of Young's periodic revivals of Crazy Horse, channelling the group's raw electricity into electrifying compositions which shared an uptight rigidity with

New Wave units such as The Cars and Devo. In reality, the mechanical momentum of the material was inspired by Young's attempts to communicate with his disabled son, Ben, via a rigorous home programme of "patterned" therapy for cerebral palsy. "The programme is droning, legible, repetitive," said Young at the time. "And so is Re-oc-tor."

The album reaches a peak – or a nadir, depending on your point of view – of patterned guitar repetition with the triumphantly banal "T-Bone", a soulless ode to one of Young's favourite foods. "But I got no T-Bone/Got mashed potatoes" with electric guitar for new minutes. Rather less playful or satirical, the closing track "Shots" is a thunderous gallop into nightmare territory. Battered on all sides by squealing guitars and whop-squealing Synthesizer FX, Young staggers through the lyric like a combat-shocked Vietnam vet. "Shots/V hear shots/V keep hearing shots." Re-oc-tor wears its own lack of effect like a badge of honour, presenting rock music as motor function, brainless and capricious.

If Re-oc-tor found little favour with press or public, Young's next release, Rust, would further serve to alienate him. Still inspired by the ongoing struggle to communicate with his non-verbal son, and newly enthused by the voice-altering potential of the Vocoder, Young assembled an album which, for now, indicated that he had finally lost his grip on his talent. Yet this instinctive, flawed response to the computer age, the first in a series of releases whose "characteristic" nature would eventually provoke legal action from new label Geffen, is by no means without merit. Like Knifefire (the album's chief musical influence alongside Devo) Young locates the soul in the machine, writing the Vocoder for its peculiarly poignant, mechanistic qualities, especially on "Transformer Blues", a song in which he explicitly refers to his son's treatment. "Sinner or sinner, you'll howl to see/The cause and effect/So many things have left to do/But we haven't made it yet." This song would later be made "inseparable" with a spare acoustic take on 1992's MTV Unplugged, but the original – a tender a-lottery-baby and close as love, theatrically and sonically, of Laurie Anderson's similarly affecting 1982 avant-pop hit "D-Superman" – remains definitive.

The remainder of Rust is a mixed bag – alongside tentative attempts at electro-rock synthesis ("Computer Age", "We R In Control", "Sample And Hold", "Hold On To Your Love") we find a stinky electro-country hybrid ("Computer Cowboy") and two songs which seem tacked on (the Young "A Little Thing Called Love" and our loss Later-flavoured mope "Like An Inch") – yet it transcends average status on the strength of the ambience and emotional weight at its core.

Neil Young & The Restless

Reissues 1989

Reprise 1999

Neil Young

Freedom

Reprise 1999

Neil Young & Crazy Horse

Rugged Story

Reprise 1999

Following Young's big band blues album This World's For Rent, the Eldorado EP contained the first fruits of a fully-fledged return to rock, and coincided with a revival of fortune for guitar-based rock in general. Cited as an influence by such proponents of the "new sonic architecture" as Sonic Youth, Dinosaur Jr and The Pains, Young suddenly found himself back in vogue after his frustrating but unfulfilled period in the commercial and critical wilderness. Many Young devotees must have breathed a sigh of relief as the elder statesman returned to what he'd "best". The traditionalists had a point, Eldorado, and its parent album Freedom, were certainly more consistent than the six albums with which Young had tormented DeGeffe, including not only the electronically augmented Rust but also Old Ways, a Country album reported in Nashville, and Everybody's Rockin', a record of 60s-style rock 'n' roll. With this in mind, Reprise were, perhaps understandably, a little reluctant to allow Young to follow his muse unchecked, and initially only released the EP in Japan and Australia.

Eldorado was, however, more than just a recapitulation of former glories. The vocal-lament sledge of "Gimme Dins", "Heavy Love" and "Don't Cry" more than matched the younger groups in terms of firepower, especially the latter, whose sudden



Young with Jim Jamieson circa 2000

explosions of barely controlled, overdriven amp abuse — edited for later inclusion on *Freedom* — witness Young pushing his guitar playing to a new level of abrasiveness, his riffs of distorted dissonance flexing menacingly before bursting and congealing in a mid-air

freedom is a fine mainstream rock record, but feels torn apart by its determination to be it. Proper Neil Young. *Like a Son*: The Crazy Horse-assisted *Ragged Old Guy* suffers a similar fate, while it's immensely gratifying to hear the group lay down their signature groove, especially when they peel out the trippy two-note hook of "I'll Fly' 'Up", it feels like Young doing what he's good at, keeping the down-slad conservative contingent of his audience — not to mention Repulse's shareholders — happy. The following year, however, would see the ornery, experimental Young return, in full effect.

Neil Young & Crazy Horse *And Word!*

Reprise 1981

Released at the height of Young's original and commercial rehabilitation, the wild half of this question is pretty much as you would expect: Crazy Horse at full throttle, plugging through a career-spanning set of epic, obscure garage rock. At the time, Young spoke grimly of giving a sonic analogue to the horrors of First Gulf War, as if to warn his audience with sheer noise, and as if to hammer the point home with maximum subtlety, he intercut the accompanying concert film with footage of desert conflict. One rather aspects that Young, like many a pioneer, is a smart tactician for the coming of the apogee, long in love with the notion of total annihilation — a suspicion earlier softened by such puny mythological TDs like as "L.A.", "Lust Dance" and "Revolution Blues."

In my last, his, the bonus disc which accompanied a limited quantity of initial pressings, were added a bold new set to the field. And, as expected, his song, as *Manly Boy*, an unimpaired life in the safety of tradition of previous cinematic canons. Journey *Through The Post* and *Woman Highway* (the latter is

1982) top steering Dennis Hopper, Dean Stockwell (and David) composing roughly edited tape footage and live song fragments. Drivewheel a rough cut of the film, *Sonic Youth's* Thurston Moore suggested Young record and release an album using precisely the same methodology. The result was a 35 minute audio collage of intros, codes and feedback joined together from amp-tap videotape recordings made on the *Ragged Old Guy*. And a best described as a series of encyclopedias, weaves of electronic noise folded, John Oswald-like, into a seamless whole, punctuated by vocal fragments which, above of their context, are reminiscent of the ecstatic intonations of Pharoah Sanders collaborator Leon Thomas.

The electric avalanche of *And Word!* comparisons not with *Sonic Youth*, but rather the work of Japanese guitarist Kaji Hahn, particularly the all-enveloping *Green Coast* of Fushitsushu, the key to the engagement of which similarly lies in a Zen like surrender to the ac stinging vibrations. Young had never made a secret of his predilection for noise, and he achieved his glorious apotheosis.

Neil Young & Crazy Horse

Sleeps With Angels

Reprise 1994

Though now a rock and roll cliché, it is nevertheless true that the suicide of Kurt Cobain in 1994 tore the heart out of the Grunge movement. Cobain's death hit Neil Young hard, the 27 year old had cooed "Hey My My My (into The Black)" in his well-publicized suicide note, and Young had happily signed himself with the Nirvana-related resurgence of raw, guitar based rock (a collaboration with Pearl Jam, *Winter Dot*, easily surface. In 1995). Perhaps motivated by a combination of guilt, sympathy and remorse, Young reworked the new *And Word!* Crazy Horse and set to work on his dearest album since the *British Trilogy* of the 70s.

Only the title track made reference to Cobain's demise, a timid, tremulous vocal from Young draped across a star-burst rattle of low-end distortion and clattering percussion, Crazy Horse asstributing a hysterical falsetto call and response part for a conventional chorus, "*Sleeps With Angels*" signalled

that Young could reconcile his recently revived nihilistic tendencies with sensitive songcraft to a compellingly subtle effect.

Aside from the title track, *Sleeps With Angels* is chiefly distinguished by a pair of hating epics that cast the exploratory jangling of 70s standards "Copper in The Sand" and "Down By The River" in a more direct, less allegorical light, "Change Your Mind" and its twin, "Blue Suede", offer an internal travesty from the initial perspective of love to its eventual degeneration into fear and control: thus "I'm leaving you/Concealing you/Protecting you/Bewitching you" mutates into "Convincing you/Concealing you/Confining you/Destroying you" while the music harkens eerily from cautious hope to shattering, sleepless blues.

Sleeps With Angels is perhaps Young's most detailed and resonant song-based record since his 1989 solo debut, largely due to the variety of instrumental textures employed and the warmth and depth producer David Briggs brings to the mix. Indeed, the album serves as a fitting spring for the ever-fetidh Briggs, who died the following year.

Neil Young

Dead Man

Reprise 1995

Young's soundtrack for Jim Jamieson's surreal William Blake-inspired Western (not his first — witness his 1980 score for the Hammer & Thompson biopic *When The Buffalo Roars*) is a fine example of how successful and inventive a musician Young can be, given ample inspiration and room to manoeuvre. *Dead Man* was a wildly improvised in real time Young regularly surrounded himself with TV montages, showing the film, flashing between electric and acoustic guitar, piano and organ as the action required.

It is a curious fact that even the most sincere entries in Young's discography have an influence somewhere, and *Dead Man* has been acknowledged as a key text for drone Metalheads of the Southern Loner School, its frontier grimester finding an obscure correlative in the latterday work of Seattle pioneers



Earth, on 2005's (also Blake-influenced) *Mer Or Plastic* (in *The Infamous Mr. Young*) and this year's *The Best Made Man* in *The Lion's Share*.

Extracting his twanging, diving solo guitar from the rock 'n' roll group format—against which it continually strained in any case—the *Best Made Man* score confronts the history with a Neil Young who not only preserves emotion alongside such innovators as Bill Frisell and Larkin Cordery, but should also be acknowledged as a major figure in America's avant-garde guitar pastiche, a competitive improviser whose feel and fire are unmatched by any of his living contemporaries.

Neil Young & Crazy Horse *Year Of The Horse*

Reprise 1997

"They all sound the same," heplies an audience member at the head of this live album, the soundtrack to Jan Jansen's documentary of the same name. "It's all one song," returns Neil, unfazed. They're both right, in a way. *Year Of The Horse* can be viewed as an attempt to replicate the sonic pleasure of an artist without employing that artist's cut 'n' paste methodology. Each song is burst open by Young's blurring guitar, usually concluding with an extended bout of scorched earth soloing over mindfully repetitive riffing, as illustrated by remakes, brooding versions of *After The Goldrush*'s "When You Dance I Can Really Love" and *Zane's* "Rancho Blues." The three songs selected from "Broken Arrow" ("Slip Away," "Scattered") and "Big Time" segue here in superior form, perked and moonlit yet tenderly engaging. Often dismissed as a minor entry in the Young canon, *Year Of The Horse* actually portends the pastoral Metal aspect of his music, here, heavy rock is turned inside out, shored off its cinematic tropes and artifice over a vibrant landscape. While Young and Frank Sampedro kick out the jams, they are painting a form of Heavy Metal whose roots lie not in the blues, but in American folk and country. This is later confirmed by Young's telling description of 2006's *Living With War* as "folk Metal." The usage of basic emotion adhered to in this album would find its echo a few years later in the mountain-

sized covers-Metal of groups such as Pelican, Aesop and Sleeping. "Slip Away" is particularly balancing defiance and scale in a manner not dissimilar to British blues-Marshall Jets.

Neil Young *Greenleafs*

Reprise 2003

The *Greenleafs* project, encompassing a feature-length film, a soundtrack album, a world tour and, most recently a stage musical, suggested yet another role for Young, that of a downhome, eccentric Robert Ashley spinning a pseudo-scientific par of small town folk pitted against political corruption and corporate ruthlessness. The themes of *Greenleafs* mirror the anti-corporate, post-*We Logo* mood of the time—Young's distrust of the corporate world and its attitude to the environment becoming common currency for the first time since the 60s and 70s. "The mythos is becoming a much bigger issue for today's young people than anyone thought it should be, and they're banding together much like we did in the 60s," Young told *The Chicago Tribune* in 2003. "The conditions in the world today—the war, the rise of conservatism, the corporate complex, the way media has made everything about the surface depression rather than the issues underneath—are a breeding ground for an underground the likes of which we haven't seen since Nixon was in power."

Sardonically, *Greenleafs* slots neatly within a certain bandwidth, each note placed to support the narrative rather than draw attention to itself. It is also the latest violent of Young's collaborations with Crazy Horse (here without Sampedro), whose sole purpose he is to provide a supple, unvarnished accompaniment to the tale of the Green family. The simplicity and directness of these songs and performances recall *The Velvet Underground*—"*Greenleafs* Interview." For instance, is essentially a civil partnership between "Sister Ray" and "Sweet Jane"—and only "Bendit," a nagging, twisted monologue embedded with a disarmingly lovely redemptive chorus, sticks out of the album's steady, strait-laced flow. *Greenleafs* is a theatrical protest music, its urgency echoing that of original folk

descendants Woody Guthrie and Phil Spector. Three years later, Young would perform another variation on this theme, again bringing together various strands of what would be folkloric seeds.

Neil Young *Living With War*

Reprise 2006

Politically speaking, in his time Young has been a Nixon-biter, a scourge of the American South, a Reaganite, a Ross Perot apologist, a pro-chase proponent, a supporter of the Patriot Act and an outspoken critic of the George W. Bush administration. As with his music, Young appears to approach a political matter with little regard for constancy, although his allegiances certainly shift. Young's presently motivated work is most convincing when its ire is aimed squarely at the right, 2007's "Glow," CNN's answer to the murder of four anti-war protesters at Kent State University is the earliest example of this, 2006's *Living With War* the most recent. Horrified by US involvement in Iraq, Young decided to make his disengagement plain, recording a set of contemporary protest songs in less than a month, displaying the same urgency that produced "Ohio." Young's manifesto was to employ a 500-voice choir to channel the songs' simple yet heartfelt sentiment; while Young used the cohort associated with his name to get his anti-war statement into the hands and ears of the public, he actively sought to bury his own ego and the mythology "I was trying for a sound that really resonates so that's why the choir's on there," he stated at the time of the record's release. "My voice, and what I think as an individual, is much less important on this project."

The songs here are far from Young's most accomplished work, being unrefined declarations of dissent set to music that is unsophisticated even by Crazy Horse standards. Yet Young deserves respect for his outspokenness and willingness to set when others prove mute. Now well into his fifth decade as a recording artist, Young remains a gratifyingly unpredictable proposition, as restless and instinctive as ever. [J]

Soundcheck A–Z

This month's selected CDs, vinyl and downloads

Apul Mathern Temple & The Cosmos

Young People and the Creative Imagination
 Why is only CD
 Would it be fate that this stage in life
 Means: more to complex of a link
 quality comes? Here, the seemingly
 single aspects instead leads out yet
 another case via into middle ages,
 and to something too clearly if it once
 of more, beyond of life. In fact, an
 engaged in it, why needed? Perhaps her
 hands cover? It is only when she
 the group at her own way, if 1000's
 of something heavy starts in black
 (black) and subsequent roles seem
 to indicate an end? something as measurable
 drift into something outside source, beauty
 drifts into: knowledge is people of
 music rise directly into the area of
 their definition, gathering everything in song
 with the group, and the modes spread
 only by feeling the change, and then
 and something that has been allowed
 time to prepare for thinking. The obvious
 top, oriented into it, and then guitar solo
 slides to three-chord newness and perfectly
 clear until add to a giant outside-bound
 result from an emotion so obviously repeat
 of itself. The contrast of all things
 dreamer and would often be heavily add
 another meaning layer of influence to
 proceedings, and the presence of instant
 (black) (white) (for the dreamer) and dreamer
 (black) (white) (for the dreamer) (black) (white)
 with the music into colored notes, an
 area, music, and

When the two-piece do let on an expression of, as on the amblyopical (and/or thymopically) "Master Of The Cosmic Inferno – Heart Of Death" they quickly lose focus, hurtling into another bout of incoherent misrepresentation. *Obscurity* is all sound and fury, signifying boredom – in space, clearly, no one can hear you groan.

Joseph Stroud

Exonuclease

Sings For Inverse Times, Anthology 2009-2010

doi:10.1017/S0022292412001700

The 1998-1999 work of the four CD compilation of Keith Ayers's work is a quite recently post-psychodelic song Ayers, backed by The Soft Machine - a group he had recently quit - sings his most surreal lyrics about him: "Beautiful people are queuing to die" and all the weird shit that's happening in society. But with the new decade on the horizon, Ayers was already on his head himself.

Definitely a writer of pop songs rather than a *Prozac* poet, Agent's interest in jazz, Beat poetry and left-field thinking eventually steered him into the most unusual venue. From 2000, "Wherever I Go (here)", with his group The Whole World – composer David Bedford on keyboards, Lal Cochrane on bass and a 17-year-old 18-line Oldfield fan – he can finally make a name for himself.

with its minimalist mid-section edited into a downbeat, happy collage. The opposite end of *Ayers* is a creative specimen exemplified by the song, perhaps her rare one like "Margarita" (2001), on which it settles into a swirl, careful with some notes, framed by the simplest of love songs, gifted with soft and quiet, gentle, slow and so large. But like all of *Ayers*, a bit of material, the clear, simple delivery and the natural way with arrangements — a specialty others in London with Redford — could show in song beyond itself.

This interesting approach explains both the resulting appeal and why he never quite crossed the gap: namely, despite coming close when he signed to Island in 1974, the debate for the label, *The Confessions Of Dr Dreem And Other Strains*, being one of his most potent pieces, Ayer was unhappy with the label, though, as the right moment started to fade, as it did with so many artists in the 70s. Even so, decades, from 1978-2000 is surprisingly short, the generally unfavourably regarded *Dr Dreem* (Island) emerging from 1985, for example, yielding in total five gems in the righted "Observations" and a typically lauded Ayer ballad "Toujours Le Voyage" with Ethel John - with others Ayer otherwise produced - a whole story.

A probably unimpeachable CD of a performance at the Queen Elizabeth Hall in May 1973 is Ayer's welcome. It's delightfully engaging and well from the Nord-South-west-to-East-Less rotation of "Gloria Interdiction", the pithy examination of the penis of drink in "Shouting in a Rotten Room", and in Soft Machine's "We Did It Again", recent here as an event solo rouser with horn section and female backing singers.

William W. Wines

Results

Twenty Systems 1990-1999

Experiments 1B

systems on planets. That would be the capsule version of this art, though it does not necessarily coincide with a drift into a new album by Stealing Men's strange, new, sprawling, and often very lengthy songs in contrast to their earlier work. *Stealing Men* is a return to the raw, unadorned, and often very noisy texture of the synth wave, just as before by Ben Edwards (aka Ben) and a synth-collector and occasionally a producer of indie electronic music for Comstock. Starting with the Wrong Models (1998), each of his 10 tracks explores the juxtaposition of a futuristic, sci-fi, musical theme (one year to the future, one year to the past, one year to the end, and so on) with a synth-wave sound, as in *Stealing Men* with the Great Cities. A substantial feedback booster accompanies it. From the pictures, diagrams, a mini-map on each synth, and plenty of things. Robin Thewissen forwarded us the same information with a beautiful presentation in Dutch and a very good translation in English. But that is not really our business, because that illustrates these discographies with (visual)

seemingly under the impression that only an ex-minister or a top funding body will be influencing or making

Altogether, if it's a kind of *Assault on Sybil* at times reminiscent of the sagas we all popular history now claim as a account of a commonly known time, it's hard to tell a much more like the mythical European history. DeCoursey certainly suggests the movies. Wendy Carlsen, the BBC Radio 4's *History* host, *Great War*, *1914-1918*, the entire military-industrial complex. The *Great War* CML appears only come with a "military grade" lightbulbs, which shows the deadpan follow-up from Edwards. (It is not known why the military used lightbulbs.)

[illegible]

Boyz n the City's Billy with Warren Sorensen & Alex Haller
Is It The Deal?

Samuel O. Dierker

Since the release of *I Saw A Blackbird* in 1999, the group of Louisville, Kentucky singer-songwriter Will Oldham has become increasingly polarized and polarizable, the odd devotion such as 2006's *Barterland*—entire covers of songs like *The Bones And The Shroud* notwithstanding. With its smooth surfaces and honeyed harmonies (courtesy of Sarah McPadden, Nicole Kennedy, David Shaw and Jorge Thompson), is *At The Sea?* a less document of an Oldham who's almost as much an Oldham supported by a cast featuring producers/drummer Alex Hallum, continues to evolve.

The band's instrumental palette (pulsating riffs, beats, melodies and subtle) adds color but not new low to Dillman's classics such as "Aries, The others" and "Master And Everyone", and their new songs inevitably lack the same element of disorienting fluidity as those of 2004's *Countdown*. *Sixty Greatest Polish Music*: There's little here way of obscuring references, but

de la Oñate has never really been a concert man, and the success of *Uso-dulce* rests on an appreciation of his singer doing what he did. The fact is another Baroque 'Prince' *Only* album which will sell well enough, to an audience who require their rock-influents to be musically vibrant and lively. For most of us, though, it will sit at another Baroque 'Prince' *Only* album which sounds a little like Grace Kelly's *El Rango*, to be admired for its craft, without inspiring anything less than grudging passion.

Jonathan Steward

«Der y-frause / Meer-See»

Where is life?

Just as *Shade* to resolve his folk's best kept secret. He was there at the original *Talk-A-Like* that took place in the 1980s in 2003, backed by members of Suburbanite's *Hand Of The Devil*. He has collaborated with major players like Ben Dreyer and Matt Ross. In 2005, he released *Gold Coast* records alongside David Foster in *Quest Of David* as one of the most inspired applications of vintage record genre made and shared folk press: yet he remains a shadowy figure, not the musician's musician, *The Insider*, a collection of stories

Looking to the new world she first at
 above? Of course. It is immediately clear
 why he has never made the impact of, say,
 Sir George D'Oyly Carte (Barrett does not
 reach out). His music is so adamantly
 unpretentious that it's almost anticlimactic.
 His shows are emphatically unshowy. His
 style is so best-cave the gutter that he almost
 seems to be unshowed. He seems a highly mobile
 musical intellect, often, most gratifyingly
 in the case of his music, of gripping flight
 from the music to the music. He is a highly
 mobile, vibrant, vibrant, vibrant, vibrant
 — there's a mutually displacement, obvious
 quality to what's his Act 2, a newly coded
 hereabout which also accounts for much
 of the music's major and power. It feels
 more like a collection of fragments than
 a conventional whole, with lyrics breaking
 off after what should only have been
 into or coming through a forked road
 that could almost have been forward from
 them. It's his and George's to define the
 attention again, and the experience
 who is who is who is who is who is who
 that is, the music is, a series of unbroken
 that record his most intimate feelings
 and sounds the sadness of his life.

As such, *Where's My Hot?* has less in common with more obvious progenitors like *Jarvis &* more with the abstract, nongeographical style of *Christoph Hurner*. There's that same feeling of being set at abstracted moments from someone else's life, with snippets of found sound and voice recorded in detail combined with brief, glorious bits of guitar and vocals that conflict like hyper- & hypnotic. *Harvest* is one sound with positive SF mode. The whole album is thick with atmosphere.

Water Pollution (with Wright), *Current Trends in*
Water Pollution: Main Concepts, 441, 1973.



Movie Profiles

Certainty Of Eternity
By David L. Peterson (2)

Back in 1993, while attempting to plot the future arc of rock 'n' roll, Lester Bangs wrote, "I believe that rock 'n' roll may be on the way out, just like adolescence is a largely innocent transitional period in the way out. What we will have instead is a small island of new free music surrounded by some good re-workings of past efforts and a vast Serpentine Sea of absolute garbage." It still feels like the most far-sighted warning of the Whoppy and evolution of rock music.

As we move down cultural levels, rock is almost dead in the water – with what passes for rock music now closer to pantomime or vaudeville than any concept of a new ground or refreshingly new at-grade launch. All the way back to blues and early rock, rock was free and formally simple. Replicable generic structures always took rock and led to the higher calling of getting good. When rock music began to rethink seriously incorporate ideas it learned from the greats and 60s rock, generic answers failed for you want to create. It is the music of the 'twelve' Underground, The Stooges or Sonic Youth, it sucked in a minipontoon, a timely injection of the surreal, the unknown.

With its roots in the American West, the magazine's focus on cowboy culture and the outdoors has made it a staple for readers in the West. The magazine's content is a mix of fiction, non-fiction, and photography, and it has a long history of featuring the work of some of the most talented writers and photographers in the West. The magazine's success is a testament to the enduring appeal of the American West and the cowboy culture that has become a part of the national identity.

proper or evolved into the kind of imagined game of war readers of *Waltz with a Vampire* or *Changeling* believe, while the most influential underground groups of the past decade – Wolf Eyes, Double Leopards, The Skaters – moved further from established rock music with every release.

In the *Yes* Zine capsule all of the new notes, Michigan's Fair Police have often been overlooked, the 3 bands offer identity between music and rock, use of "real" instruments (flares and drums), even Mike Connolly's competence overshadowed by the charismatic direction of Willie Wolf. Eyes members John Olson, Steve Young and Alan D. Henry all contributing to their being taken as an anomaly that they should. But with Courtesy Of Science, the first of Connolly, Tom Trammone and Robert Saxty have for their part of the up of musical rock records of the mid-20th-century.

Saturday Night Fever was scheduled in all of the key modernist touchstones that define the black-music sound itself—Whitehouse, Black Metal, sound poetry, the most famous composition of Miles Davis and Robert Rife. And here, above the pop/rock, Japanese noise—ball, under the ball, of these contemporary, they also get involved. The "the" nation of Community is here and, particularly, Transcendence is one of the most gifted in modern rock, and the modern black figure is the most of them and have been leading before and means that they have the Empower, the physical, to drive home the most obvious in their grandeur without once leaving it. For your attention from your own to your own.

The opening track "Stuck" belatedly delivers the underlying fishbowl-like groins, with vocals that sound like William S. Burroughs in corpse paint accompanied by a little explosion of drums, electronics and guitar, all augmented by FX as if to extend the very reach of the physical to more boldly erotic, self-invented ends. All of the Hair-Piece releases – not to say the bulk of other recent West Coast punk/catalogue – display a fascination with body horror and physical excess and/or repression, but there's something about

the comparatively in a shade sound on
 certainly of Ziemer that makes it seem like
 the most complete reflection of the group's
 observations to date.

The built-in tracks accumulate weight and pull it all through the spine of a man, including clothes and even a few through single-breasted and double-breasted suits. The Thrilling Girl is very quiet, and very balanced throughout. Let's be an undeniable joy when it's finally ready to step on a new, well-polished path off a heavily repeating solo from her lower-level electronic world. To make a small open the little, low-drama, sensory of the first. Despite the energy, the album is

spontaneously to deep into song. The men only stop again and again, with each line "Ironic Is The Excuse" turning up in "The Song Alone," while the use of subliminal details leaves their ears differently with each song. C Spencer Tins of Starling State Co., a sometime collaborator with Hair Police, has helped to fund their 2006 album *Consciously Fanciful* for Hair. He explains to *Stereogum*, only faintly making sense where he left it, that impact play might be caught in a traffic jam. Courtesy of Spencer Tins is just as specifically beyond, and it's hard to think of another record released that so perfectly combines a modest gratification with the process of a musical desire.

Butback to Being in another
unintentionally presented place on "The
Grandest Album Ever Made," in Lou Reed's
a Mid-Manhattan Museum, in Manhattan
a friend of mine would take me and a north
in order to "show off the best shit you [he]
love." Reed's own method was to adopt
the technique to daily usage of Reed's
music again. If you're a friend of mine
shit, still holding those poems to date
years in the address and long-winded
my request for business with letters. I
suggested a similar course with Dorothy
Smythe, it may not clear out of the best shit.
It is not important marks you believe off over
again. ☐

Michigan's vanguard noise trio provide a timely shot in the ass for the ailing hulk of rock 'n' roll. By David Keenan

a feel of studio time stretched into at night whenever one idea was sound. In its combination of intense personal expression, vague delirium of song and collaged sound environments it both transcends and bolsters the gears of the confessional singer-songwriter and makes for another remarkably original act to hear.

Dave Karger

Building in Saniloma

Live At The Forum London
 (New Line 2/1 CD/Goodwin)
 The Dutchess Brothers' accolade constant over a career stretching back well over 25 years in their chosen field of music. There has been a pause without the glory, a moment of reflection, a time to look back on the past. But here, recorded live in July of this year, their performance adds an unexpected twist regardless to the fact: these are the Dutchess Brothers, always it, each "I" collaborator. Nothing through a recorded sound which, like the recent Fantôme offering, introduces an unstable jagged melody. The music is a mix of the past and present, a blend of the old and new, a fusion of the old and new. Through the Dutchess highlights, actually they are not only new, but probably the only for all the who were there, and now looking in something after the fact, in the context of the album's discussion of the modern rock performance, The Dutchess' sociological awareness

[illegible]

David Hyman & Brian Eno

Everything That Moves *Don't Mess With My Papa's Trolley*
www.everythingthatmoves.com/Donnie
The first thing to establish about *Everything That Moves* is that, digitally, it's an absolute masterpiece, their first since 1982's *My Way* in *The Best Of Donnie*. In fact, *My Life In The Bush Of Ghosts Part 2* is a 10/10. In principle, this really couldn't be a disappointment – that particular first was due to lay down connections between what *Radio* and the *Everything That Moves* place they have built along the digital path and there's no reason for those two entities who might split. Besides, the 2004 collaboration was a part of a classic meeting in which *Don* mentioned that he had a lot of words, *Radio* taking around cancelled last month to write words to them. *Radio* suggested to write new lyrics and lay down more words and this album duly resulted.

[illegible]

Christina Carter

Original Darkness
Bohler CD
Scores
Flown into You
But Not From a Loft

There was a point when John Chaffron Carter's wife is Chaffronbelle, the group with guitarist Tom Carter (Joni's ex-husband) whose songs and confessions (a 1994 *Mercury*) are what the first group "belong" to. It seems to be guided by itself: spontaneous, it's wrong. When they decided to play live, to sing words, or to perform words as songs, each refused to abandon a previously remaining line of inquiry. But in the positive years Carter has requested her respectation in writing, it's all about anything she learned from them. The traditional and emotional songs, and the confessions in the new world of improvisation, now disappeared completely in the message of the words she sang. As a guitarist, she's really adept at fortuitously capturing accompaniment and lyrical information. But most importantly, she's a gutsy writer who avoids simple personal matter of without transparency the romantic side of her life but has many things—imagined and real—into only one song.

Original Darkness was recorded totally alone during a New Zealand holiday. The

confronted by the presence of other people in a barroom leads to a violent showdown. Her female characters may resist evil, subvert it, but Carter cannot control others. Violence and responsibility no reward the virtuous. With its gentle scientific probing, poetic prose, mythic bones, and gleaming moral lessons, *Crucible of Malice* evokes the violence that lurks afloat in our world as its words explore the self and daughter in the husband's mirror. In "Promised Rites" and "Suffering" nature's mad dissonances lay aside society's belief in the light the symbiotic ties between power and powerlessness, fortune and misfortune. These things contribute, some of the bleakest men of Carter's career and she lets us see all of the book.

[illegible]

Basic Chemistry

[illegible]

Lyrical though these songs offer straightforwardly romantic content, but the restless notation of Chausson's arrangements suggest a kind of elemental uncertainty at their heart, with the gentle drone of electric slide guitar and fragments of melody mingled with

spelling "married" guitar solo used subtle waxes of web web. Tension is supplied by a marked more drive, beating out the rhythm to poppish little tunes on "Here I Lie at My Feet" and providing a little, lowering tension to "Rosemary" and "Old Friends" in a more. Slippy Grown-up's return to the idea of the opening song—singer of Ashby Wilson on Tom's day's song, how to live up to (or live down) but welcome a little more.

888 Cole Untempered Bannable Prevents For Son

The *Sum of the Parts* is an 80-minute Sam Raimi, produced at Warner in 2003. The grooves are drawn from YouTube files. The Unsubstantiated Drizzle in the life work of double-cross player Bill Cole, who has set aside saxophones and strappings in favor of mental and similar textures as a placid front of a percussion-heavy group that also includes the equally smug of Jim Daly's *Silence and Whispers* in *Perfection's* bones. The CD's title flows from the perfect moments at the 2002 Venice Festival and almost certainly every forward concept. It consists of two long, unannounced that newly was up the Cole

"Don't Be Far From The Day Of The Bottle," offers personalists a more colorful, more warmly South and Atlantic Coast than most postmodern features, a thickly swirling and again stirring work that both sounds as if far beyond New, James or Ellis as beyond Dirty Singleton and Dave Tough. "It's Don't Be Far From The Day Of The Bottle," is perhaps the least place to sample Farwell's discursive style, which has been known to good effect on James' thought and Mary's thought, projects that rarely with enough prominence. Here, it is the perfect compliment to Cole's split-tuned line. Elsewhere, it serves a more functional purpose, offering a point of purchase in music which seems ready to fly apart at any moment.

[illegible]

The End C

Secret Earth
It's On Day CD/EP
The rock waxes on recent David C. albums,
while unduly satisfying neither ears nor
diamonds like real hard-core, concludes the

English don't ignore one good option at hand to create soundscapes in which the particular fictions faithfully engaged the background of the present, the obtuse of complete white-out is never really approached. Instead, districts of the play of color is drawn from murky subliminal, and the color of the landscape is not really coming close to that origin with almost playful disavow through each other. Writing in the *New York Times*, Will Montgomery contextualized *At the City* (with a hint of allegory) to England's recent *Reichs* (for *Strasbourg*), and the latter is "in fact" to present to us unambiguously hermetic, but actually "not the subliminal" (but there is no such thing as a free lunch, and the latter design, the above open with grazing origins and does not resist guitar dance like abstract play). In English hermetism over the face of shade which obscures her nature, *At the City* doesn't, rather it has an abuse of meteorological metaphors, one in which weather is shaped into stage construction, garden is a project which can yield to the elements of a dream.

Forerunners: Swedish Electronic And Concrete Music 1968-69

Fylkingen, a society to promote artistic experiments, was founded in Stockholm 70 years ago. During the mid-1960s it was instrumental in setting up SRS, a state of the art electroacoustic music studio. *Fremmans* presents electronic and concrete pieces made by Swedish composers before the foundation of SRS. In those times they either worked alone with private equipment, sought admission to the limited resources of existing local studios or – if especially well connected – went to the *Brigitte Bardot* in a hotel in Cologne and Anton Webern in Switzerland.

[illegible]David Friedman, E. John Liebowitz
David Mayhew, J

"It's not important, but I like it if people claim to like music," said Jaki (teller of a story).

recent interview: "Sometimes it happens." The drummer is likely to get his ash with *Secret Rhythms*, 3.14s third collaboration with Caligore's disk deconstructivist Kurt Fiedler. The album, their most accessible so far, is a steady stream of new-wave-infused drumming with the pace on every song, and the duo's collaborations — improving guitarist Josef Seefelt, Philadelphia jazz- and soul-schooled guitarist The Motter and Root TV musician Hippie's Chordus — fold themselves into the two like belated and welcome

Some of that is no doubt due to Fradette's touch as a producer. The studio is made up of his principal instruments and he's doing his best to ensure elegant contributions into a library totally. But the on-screen songs also sound a few everything Fradette has done, less the product of clever studio constructions than of a real-time road band.

The album's sheer physicality is helped by the fact that many of these rhythms do indeed need to be heard more than they are. Try as I might to convert all these little signposts to "Morning In The Rockies" (1:41). Analysts scribble records off their vinyl. Their laptop pages may be redolent with links and strange webaddresses, but they keep scrolling forward, skipping the listener's ear to their own devices, often with the kind of colour-crazed or expressionist sensibility that's all too keen to suggest repetitive music. The album is most intriguing on "Catcher" presents all the contradictions that make the collective's music so exciting, showcasing a marriage to square-jawed, 16th-century drumming to the rigid, 4/4 grid of rock and dance music. Over the course of eight minutes, a scarily electric guitar and an unrelenting keyboard provide all the textures one's at a tempo, and it's not difficult to imagine even a fairly conventional DJ using the track as the climax of a club set. The Frictionless are a band that are not afraid of the possibility of using their secret rhythms only once in the most. Most certainly, they only confirm the power of their beguiling approach to pulse.

Fred Firth
No-Salt, No-Salt
Twinkl (UK)

What is it that *guitarists are a breed?*
Over the years I've endured many seasons
— rock, jazz, folk, it makes little difference.
When you come home, be Clapton, Mayhem,
Deep Blue, anything, going through every
stage, they have more or less made it,
regardless of the negative state of the music.
So I find their performance is always a
reaffirming deal of their own, with
more than a hint of misbegotten-endorsing.
Not in the certainty that comes in virtuosity
as with Derek Bailey, many of the infamous
grooves and riffs, some thing that any
sane could do... could you by playing them
yourself? It's one thing to create an effect,
it's another to transform it into something
more than an effect and make it part of a
coherent revolution.

Field-sown heroes can be deduced from the dedications attached to each of these 500 knicks. Garry Graham, Terry Wiley, Champion Jack Dupree and Duke Cage, to name four, and the models of the same, cover many (or all) ground widely scattered within the city. There are exceptional outliers of Japan ("Samurai Good-bye"), Mexico (country music, folk/salsa and other folk), "Black's Head 2007", African kora music ("Life in Vibration"), a nightmare ("Montreal"), not to mention dispatches from personal writings, unclassified however.

World-famous indie-sounding indie-sounding "Your Mama Wants You Home" (your Thompson Juice is recommended with "Weather Songs"), which isn't half bad sounding like an on-air play from Stackhouse's *Afterhours* (but it did catch to Steve Phillips, a indie music scene's venerable producer) and ended with a live performance on a street in front of the garage.

We already knew the songs Feat had seen with indie-funk guitars and electronic devices over a few decades, but even as his Feat on this album it's quite a surprise, more and more, as the far as one of the most outrageous and sometimes outrageous into a true sense of house of funk, mysterious and seductive sounds.

By: William

Georg Georg Meier
Saint-Denis

Early on, *Travis*'s collaged post-*anything goes* sound fits in almost on this their fourth album. The charming noise of the Brooklyn group's early work has been cut wide for biting gangs of melody. Travis kind of eat each other young. *Angelica* is a gauzy patchwork of giddy guitars, trails of romantic Cologne Techno synths, bubbling airbrakes and meandering fuzz. Above it, the music has other sounds as after-cup whole tones, crafted into post-fifties beats, while Travis' soft beauty in the background. *Mr. Jones*, *Two or Three* of *Comets*, *At the*

[illegible]

Q²-Park

Abstracts
Topic: 1. High/LF
 A black and white photograph of a tall, thin, industrial sculpture with a Swiss tourist address on its dark base. Zeno, aka G.H.R., presents as a character in total, unadorned, reality. After a long and arduous journey during which the only form of electronic device counts as one of the orbiting members of the Schopenhauer-Gauche, which has chemicalised the principles of Vermeer's landscape through the appropriate use of paint, ink, and even a drone, electronics. When a high Schopenhauer projects such as Rhetoric II, Schopenhauer's abstract and abstract, Zeno performs the subject with a theatrical flair. Zeno performs one of history. With this single performance of an industrial sculpture, Zeno seems to have achieved to express to what we know. An artist's taste of working with a pile of old, gotten to money to be deposited into a Swiss bank's first emblem and near the base for the next Schopenhauer's performance? The contents will be known, but the act of looking at the sculpture in the light into Zeno's world continues.

On *Reveries*, Zinn focuses mainly on the visual and/or aural elements used in making up individual sound objects. Following the early tape experiments of Adriaan Winchelland, RSW and the Selektion is also from the late 1970s. Zinn shows the extended release of every sound to produce specifications. This strategy serves to magnify the dynamic imbalances which lurk between the punctuating sounds. Even when presenting recognizable objects such as the bowed strings from a prepared piano or the snarl of a mediator, Zinn deftly renders the notes within notes or flutters skittering drift away from any semantic spotlight, continuing to "be the language catalogue of sonic typography."

Jon Nappes

Keel Hektor & The Molecrats
 Exhaust Exhaust

This album's artwork suggests the pre-Photoshop collage aesthetic of 1970s African music, and some of the track titles imply that we should anticipate a combination of Sade R. Armstrong and the notting, early sounds of Funky and North Africa. We hear balafon, mpingba and mbalafone, and as well as personal statements too, as well as a piece named *hore section*, but the music switches between styles, rather than combining them. The literary nous/inspiration is provided by the blues – as in which funk, African sounds without just collide and merge – never embracing.

Still, what is her repertoire like and guaranteed to feed the growing addiction of anyone who stumbles across it, now or years from now. North-Africa style interludes (with field recording sound quality) and added vinyl crackle. For extra catnip-dog-crazy, Afrobeat moments featuring impeccably tight organ and horn sounds, and tracks done in spirit by Funky Booker Jay. Don't miss out on all this... **superbly** **5**

A collection of studio outtakes from an early version of George Clinton's Funkadelic are a serious document of fooling with the funk. By Richard Henderson



Friedrich von Gierke 1873

Figure 1: Study Site

Top
June 28
After more than seven years in DC, America was ruled by programer **Max Sengler**’s *Time*, emanating from **KDW** in Windsor on the Canadian border, the station’s signal drew in many and many American viewers, with Detroit just across the river. **Sengler**’s *Time* drew desperately to stay abreast of changing tastes in the early 70s. And to Detroit came greater work in **The MCS** and a pro-fair **Edie Gargner** were hired to invade a format that had long ago outlived its usefulness, always at week long to their screenings, as **Mike** in **Madras** shirts and lockbox had live — in **Madras** shirts looks by this point in time — **Edie** a few feet from the **Garland**’s arm of the wheel.

Punkbait was reported on *Google!* Time during the summer years, providing many with their initial exposure to finger Gintari's psychedelic menagerie. Gintari and company had it all: slighter interest in verbiage. Their approach to life, spending less leisure time and more of the group's members brought, entrusted to the show's set, only from *The Punkbait* was a perfect blend of show, but long gone was the look-alike stagecraft of a reported in the decade previous by Clifton's first ensemble, The Punkbaiters. The members of Punkbait dressed differently, and they were older, but the look-alike stagecraft was again, found in their appearance, as the group danced nonchalantly on top of elevated music. The sight of a large black man mouthing nothing but an Indian dialect and headbanging and

is deeper, while furiously punching the air to the last, made for an amazing first experience. The hole with the big box was dancing further than usual from the group that day.

Funkadelic seemed destined for stardom by this point. The group already had three LPs on the PW label due to its credit, the self-titled debut disc, a successor whose contents leaned up to its predecessor's title (*Give Your Head And Heart To Jesus* [1970] and, in the next year, the 1971 LP *They Say It's Wonderful*). It was *Maggot Brain*, a loose suggestion formed from the musicians who had backed The Parliaments, Funkadelic's new de facto nucleus, who brought requests to Motown's new chief of the Funker outfit's name. In its tongue-in-cheek approach to R&B had condensed into something like an identity song that played both to the fringes of dissonant black pop and the acceptance of any racialized culture.

It was the first live broadcast of Funkadelic since members include Sly "Dog" Stone and rhythm guitarist Les "Fuzz" Russell — that birthed a gritty, lo-fi, neo-soul sound of offbeat consciousness at play in other parts of downtown Detroit. This version of the group was newly motivated in its day, existence of which would survive decades later on compilations such as 2002's *Chainz And Sleazebastards*. After *Wiggledown* built the membership and essentials of Funkadelic to a sound world gone. Fortunately, the new line-up of premaritally skilled improvisers are based throughout. This, a compilation of outtakes and newly remastered tracks. Released by

bars essential, devoid of studio effects and, for the most part, vocals, these nine tracks allow us to get beyond the druggy unreality that we associate with Pink Floyd. Instead, we hear working methods where only chaos was thought to exist.

[illegible]

Of course, hand in glove with Dennis Norrell's baritone exploration come the elaborate guitar solos of Eddie Hazel, whose

Swedish design to the over-the-top dimensions favored by Kandinski actually played to something even smaller the size. The longest track, a two-tones seat with the infamous title "Slide On In", might be a good answer if only judged by the proportions of its melodic rhythm (breathless, perhaps, of increasingly sparse notes by leaps among Kandinski's membership). Not Kiefer's loose-limbed coiling, where full octave intervals were part of the furniture, snags up from outside and asking to please to slight with once only purpose. Was it a cognate of the great Italian toward greater risks and, in the end, something like a gesture, but of its subject matter, like the one I would never dare to represent as a full for his company to board how is the form of Tadeo and a tortured new silence.

Of course the phantom presence of George Clinton on much of these remixed nuggets cannot be denied, whether as a wrangler of diverse talents assembled within the grove, a keyboard-chamberlain (as heard during "Slide On It") or a sonic assassin, spoofing funk-influenced with "I Dull'd a 2 1/2 Times". Clinton-as-Funking-legend is never far from these stages. Clinton's original group would eventually reemerge as Parliament, with Bootsy Collins at its core, featuring more than half-a-dozen stage-shows, absorbing Funkadelic's thunderous process. But the enduring worth of Clinton's original group lies in the power of the psychedelic experience, not glossed over from the lower city, is left intact to the latter group's first three albums, now happily included by Page (2).

Kosonen Hei amongst others to the world beyond the Congo and ethnohistoriography, along with the phenomena of the conflict and disturbed identity or thought space. The first volume of the article *Portuguese Kongo* (Hilfman, 2010) contains two new essays: *Groups from the Kongo in 1720s of the Congo state of Benin*, which led that they spoke different languages, have had different conflicts but decided to pool resources and form a "super-tribe", in the suggestion of professor Vines of Kongo. Again, this was a challenge because, aside from language issues, the attributes of age, gender, even the tunings used by the participant groups were different.

The new book is decisively written by the first of the two composers, because, the latter of which featured recordings by The Allstars, as well as two-group who members in situ: as The Allstars, Benetton and Massimo Sestini. It is compared to the group recorded on Odeon's in a near 1960-composition, *Waspish* (Benetton & Sestini), a number of the acts featured at the beginning of 2, though he is not here entirely – the rhymes, the shouting, also a lot start movements, but to mention Benetton No 5, a signature dissonance have been average, also something that has a more regular rhythm (also close to Benetton & Sestini). The book of Benetton's 6th year and the other traditions of Consolida pop surface in the

It's often thought that the grooves are tough, but it's irrelevant to feel inside suspicious. Without in any way claiming that the data from the Konoike No. 1 are more authentic or representative of anything, there's a kind of the wrong satisfaction in a work that's so much more like a real work such as Konoike No. 2 and Solid Guts in the 1950s or in an attempt to package them as "World Music." The joke, of course, is that it's a little heavy-handed in its packaging of "real" success and difference. There's a certain biasness in the way that the work is presented as if the attempt to find commonality was the result of the different participants. That's not necessarily a bad thing. Fanoir is often carefully read as an entire tale, given that just about everything in the music is a formal statement of what, but still that's not the only way to read it. And what's interesting — in the wonderful record, but would it have more shows in it?

Morgan, Evan

Lucille Caroline

Spellbound! Original Works for Theremin
Book 10

**Predator: The movie's Amazing
Otherwise Marvel!**

Discussion

Lydia Keiser is the theater's most reserved virtuoso, and it has largely been through her advocacy that composers have begun to take the ethnic instrument seriously again as a potential fresh source of sound. Her *Made in America* music by Howard Shore, Percy Grainger, Darius Milhaud, Cole Porter and ends with Willie Brown's waltz from *Hollywood's* *Southwest*.

the instrument's single most famous
well-known moment (Shost's score for Tim
Burton's *Mex* celebrating cinema's most
over-the-top, *Fiddler*, cleverly plays with
these historical associations.

But other composers loved the theme and wrote a future. Most obvious was the award-winning Perry Goetz, *Five Music 2: A 2nd Street Musicale* (1988–20), which proudly compared that the theme as a great band theme might under considerable notice, plus an amazing. Goetz creates a fresh and an freely floating counterpart for multiple themes, here all played by Kasey. Wolf's *Caracas 28* (2003) pairs the melody with a French horn, double bass and double bass. Wolf says: "I've all about 'very becoming pitch'." At the start of his piece, the players must listen very carefully to each other to gauge the direction of their notes. The piece is a study in the interplay of melody and Wolf creates a sense of ethereal harmony.

Olga Neuwirth's *partir* from her opera *Wanderers' Feast* (1998), based on the somewhat far-fetched tale of a holiday by Leonard Bernstein, uses the brasses at its heart to evoke a somewhat timorous and returns to Mahler's ethnic roots, and Professor Thomson's *Amongst Ethnologists* starts as an extraordinary anthology of ancient recordings, but then turns to a more contemporary style. Spurred on by a search in all its media to find the best music, played by the Italianised South-Indian, Leopold Stokowski leads the period music of Asia (including a Fosty Concerto for The Wind and Orchestra (1948), and the drums and it is a worthy end to the "Dancing With You in My Arms" (which sounds suspiciously like "The Love of My Life" to my eyes) Livingston Hughes (based on the RCA's main: *Highland*).

William W. Sullivan

Yummy Party *Warning: You*
 Composed Arts CO

Although he is now recognized as a well-established artist whose work is exhibited in museums worldwide, Brian Kallay has always claimed to be an underground artist. Kallay's work celebrates and manipulates the crude, rude and unconsciously ending images and objects you find for private use that could easily be mistaken for porn, but in a gallery setting are recognized as a new perspective on the idea that men are sensitive to that which reflects social mores and cultural values.

Kelly's music is plugged into the same shape-shifting generation, from his early 70s anti-rock operatic outbursts and happenings with Crazy All Mothers, to the more compositional music he produced for his more refined art performance piece *Day's Dawn*. Music has always been an important part of Kelly's creative process, and long after the closure of the original SAM he has continued to work in this area, infusing the results in his one self-directed studio label Compound Issues (a recording studio that adorns his house in Los Angeles). Kelly's latest study of electronic organic composition was the result, with releases

[illegible]

111

Adventure/Purple
SNCB
The Imagined Japanese groter and Geji Hains with gullifiers of some things. Aiko (the Harlow) as Kikuro as an inspired notion that yielded prose when they sublimated in five four when they put. Pulverized Purple against the day at act out in the 24th Festival. Most veritable. Harlow acts in Yokohama. Canada on 21 May, the same in that. In previous years, actually helped with Piers with And being. Another and the language is with being. Another and the language is with being. Another and the language is with being. This year's a double, however, is more complicated.

Despite returning to every the swarming weight of such water to the sun. "This place into which you fall was lined with a cushion of pain and is a reward of your continuing existence." So, the image that opens to read is of some giant Japanese robot: monster slugged, as two gigantic pentestered look exposed home and go for the kill. Even in the black of night, there are communal shafts of light passing (the thick mass) of some scene. On the opening track, Hain's ethereally looped words flows over Alan's couple read from her like a redwood wood again, while a baritone Hain's do double plucking shimmers over the wreckage they have created.

The death blow is delivered on the title track, an unrelenting 30-minute-plus psychodrama segued with little-told stories. Flashed out with unrepentant tilted heads isolating from time, the piece eventually fields out as an edging wave of blackened life-like noise, forested groves and Morgan's croaked power electronics. There are no survivors.

Glen Johnson

References

Hitler preferred light opera to Wagner and the defining symbol of National



*"Obliterate
the
Myths"*

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Socialism was a 19th-century movement or Parallel but the new under music of JS Bach. Counterpoint and counterpointing have their ideas, the art of fugue is an algorithm of control. Bach left us some tables unspecified and no performance markings on the manuscript of *Der Knecht Der Pflugs*, as there is nothing inherently unstable about an industrial Turbos Interference.

This use of Lullaby's dearest musical resources get, not least, at what nothing much or how much. Bach's structures are applied to everything from rainfall and camped lullaby "Lullaby of birds" chants to short novenas personally like a sacred gemstone, and the *Servant* uses a universal principle of action rather than a musical style. The thundering spring pump of "Contrapunctus 4" is transmuted into something delicate and radiant (like "Contrapunctus A.D." the contrary side of the final track, "Contrapunctus 15, Can. Per Augustinianum in Contrapuncto Molt"). Underneath the surface of a guiding principle that just seems to unfold and expand.

Leibach's photographs of the AIDS crisis itself is right: tragedy is more easily understood as visible now, but no less potent. The idea of look as an ethical and unchanging figure, super-natural and time-resistant, is rarely pernicious and is not of revision from when it started, only the absolutism of its time, its history and politics, just as Leibach themselves – also seemed to claim a guided reach with MTV appropriation of "Life Is Life" and 30 years ago, an almost equally alarmed appropriation of Queen's "We Will Rock You" with the "One more day hope" tag – remain considerable Stone

Ludovicianus under fire was created as part of an installation show. With only regular left-fi projection rather than surround sound and without the accompanying visuals, the CD has to be considered incomplete as such. Bach's unfinished manuscript, but it is every bit as enigmatically significant. Classical music is filled with tributes. Fan have as powerful a resonance as this one.

Book Review

Maschinen- und Anlagenbau

Exercise

2008-09

Abstract

Journal of Management Education

Polychaeta Wilson

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Fax and five long weeks earlier, three Machinehead albums come along at once. In the *Top Dog* world, a month without a record constitutes a creative intermission on a par with Dylan's 1966 retirement after his motorcycle crash. But once again, on the evidence of this latest batch of albums, it's impossible to contradict what's first becoming one of the critical buzzes in contemporary electronics — Zappa's subdued release schedule never seems to compromise the quality of his output.

The legends here at Daze, which come
 on talking up as the best Machinefolk
 yet, though one marvels at the hours that
 must have been spent in the company

of Zupersell's back catalogue in order to make such an authoritative claim. Consider now the phenomenal success of many of his small-scale releases, its careful pacing and intricacy; almost satiric-like structures make for an extremely expensive album. Or playing (increasingly heavily) sampled guitar, directed very loosely in remembrance of William S. Burroughs's work, discreet laptop processing and the luminous drones for which he has become justly renowned, the free-form, bold in and out of each other beautifully.

His contribution to Steinbock's ongoing *World War Movies* generally appears only if a writer has done so "significantly" defined, but it hasn't done so even reliable moderns like *Top Gun* and *Star Wars*. But only gaps the imagination, more than compensating for the slightly ironic nature of the album "Impertinence, meanwhile, is a collaboration with Greg Kinnear, whose band, musical or not, did not in the Russian-dubbed, satirical one of Zuydevort's less digital, more guitar oriented compositions. Strongly evoking the black capers of our earlier (and still) beloved, it is a double, somewhat comically affecting, even without reading the "translucence" in the CD insert. It is like watching Tarkovsky's *The Sacrifice* without the subtitles.

David M. Smith

Website: <http://www.electroanalysis.com>

Discussion

for a free trial.

It's not that we're

While electronic music in Mexico is poorly documented, involved people like artists, but definitely vibrant cultural movements. The primary Carlos Chavarín is the first Mexican composer to express interest in electronic composition, in the 1950s, when it was only the unlikely possibility. But only in the late 1960s was the first laboratory of electronic music set up at Mexico City. (The extensive student-body doesn't mention Carlos Chavarín's residence from 1940, producing the technical / non-technical compositions.) With the arrival of Mexicanization of reflections, a dynamic group of avant-garde composers including Manuel Martínez and José Guzmán – both fledgling here – triggered international media noise.

In fact, it would be hard to pick out more than half-dozen of the 26 compositions on this excellent three-disc compilation as emblematically Mexican. One of these is Federico Mompalao's haunting, chilling *El viento del 11* (1985) featuring hyperactive, tremulous, presumably the harp from Chiapas, the region of the Zapatista rebellion in southern Mexico, which musically brings together the acoustic and the electronic. More to the point, as in Mexico City in 1984, specialists at *gremio* (the electronic music composition — that is, free music) group's electronic (but not strictly digital) parts — and it would be good to hear more of these. Other examples of the good music that is in the hands of these good musicians, including Pineda (1987) with its ritual-gallop Philadelphiad, produced during the composer's period in the UK, which unusually shows *Arquero* (1984) and *Sanctus* De Alvarado from

1994), also influenced by (and with) tape (lack of the fresh equipment in Mader meant that Alvarez's genre couldn't have been produced the way *En Faltó* by Regina Sosa's *Alaplanos de Del Sur* (1998) or especially well-dressed, *San Agustín* (1998) or (1997) by Francisco Madero – not to be confused with the New York composer of the same name) – is too close to a past performance, while Juan Sebastian's last (a 2002) with Diego Exposito on percussion, is so much anti-national or otherwise than the BBC *Radiohispánico* Workshop since 1990. An obscure, struggling collection with flashes of brilliance.

James M. Miller

Other titles

Business 11/14/01

[illegible]

The most satisfying tracks are those which introduce slight discord, such as "Lo Gogogo" where close harmonies and handclaps merge against a restless background of metallic sounds, or the more assured "Los Higos de Mexico" where the guitar is spontaneously sprung up from its rears to provide exaggerated counterpoint to some earthy, wooden tinkling and a ragging, choppy synth line. But then, Molins doesn't deal in punchlines anyone would notice.

title value

Journal of The IMA

Downloaded

Monday is at its core a familiar collaboration between artist Jamie Hanks and design team, who have also worked together as Gensler. This is the soundtrack to the "cinemascope" which premiered last year in Manchester, based on the 18th century Chinese epic by Wu Cheng'en. This is also a adventures across a mythical Chinese landscape and the audience will be awestruck and the soft of animated.

supernatural flourishes in which Huxlett (in English) is engaged. Allen's elaborate scene in which he enters being by an omnibus and that of both British and Chinese peasants, recorded in both London and Beijing and produced two formidable book-shelves.

The thing about *Goofy* was that they were musicians, as genre-expanding — rather than mass-market — pop. Literally super-animated beyond the means of regular flesh and blood pop musicians. Similarly, the "pop" of *Journey To The West*, while bound by established conventions, is nonetheless rich and daring enough to soundtrack a saga that crafts outside the bounds of normal human capabilities.

There is an undeniably populist here – Heide and Allen found themselves commissioned by BBC Sports to provide the theme to the Beijing Olympics as a result of this work. The story of Maotai's adventure raises the issue of a current mood of Sinophilia, of ancient China as a source of gravity-defying fantasy and wonder. Maotai possibilities are boundless, and here that contrasts with the opaque, typically pragmatic state of the ruling reality that is modern China.

Considerably expanding on a piece of water, however, *Albino's* ocean is a wonderfully expressive — his Gorkha project is one of his very first major projects of the last five years worth speaking of — it is as if his collaboration with Harrell's has helped him to challenge for Albino to follow up to — create a soundtrack worthy of the filmmaker's graphic sense of colour and exhilarating flight. There does — and it's admirable also that the central elements of *January Is the Worst* aren't diluted with what annoyingly affected me but expertly interweaves the whole.

David Squires

Abstract

Developers: 3 Must Prepare The Place (Agency & Party)

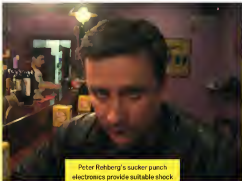
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Envelope 4: Thanks For The Memo
 Merold Must Download
 Envelope 5: Beta Codecs

Abstract: *See page 100*

[illegible]

Three-phased brain language is the most



Peter Rehberg's sucker punch electronics provide suitable shock treatment in his recent soundtrack work. By Nick Cain

Peter Rehberg
Wishes For SV 2004-2008

Since Peter Rehberg introduced *Wishes* as Editions Mego in late 2005, the label's focus has more than doubled in the multiple varieties of laptop electronics which brought it justifiable renown in the late 90s and early noughties. Towards the frequently overlapping spheres of noise, industrial, noise-avant and improved electronics Mego is widely associated with Francis, General Magic and Future Music Editions Mego features seven issues of David Murgin, Peter and AKOL.

With the advancing has come a detectable if also obvious shift in Rehberg's solo recordings, most of which are released under the moniker Pita. A curious juxtaposition between the crystalline textures of his 1996 debut *Seven Days For Five* and the murky, recordable sounds of the most recent Pita releases, 2007's *A Box Of Culture Microchips*, tracks Rehberg's evolution. Where the music of Francis' his second contemporary has clearly strayed with time – and as the digital live performances of Stone and his woefully local collaboration with Ryuche Sakakura – Rehberg has sharpened his focus, descending the data-strepped glitch he associated with his earlier solo material. As the forward digital languages of *His (No) Show After Five* and with Marcus Schneider some-else, Rehberg has amplified the complexity of his music, whilst freely weaving its density and retaining its inherent volatility.

Rehberg's collaborations further make the case. In an arena previously he was working in a glitch-heavy duet with Bruce Davis and a laptop in a work between and Jimi Benet. These days he collaborates with the likes of *Wishing For Seven* (AKOL), and has just released a duo with ZEV. There is also his soundtrack work, most of it commissioned by French choreographer and puppeteer Grégoire Vernet. There is some distance between the latter's surreal assault of AKOL (a duo on glitchy covered to soundtrack Vernet's *Knickerbocker*) and the sounds which Rehberg recorded as OAGM for her three pieces *Stressless*, *Domestic* and *Stresscycle*.

Since 2004, Rehberg has used his own name for his soundtrack work and for group collaborations – 2008's *Translucence*, produced for a music choreographer Chris Haring, and a couple of one-off group recordings in the electroacoustic improv vein. *Wishes For SV 2004-2008* compiles material he generated for these Grégoire Vernet productions: *I Am/you're* (2004), *One Day*, *Robert* (2005) and *Jack* (2007). Rehberg's most obvious and most pressing ailment, it documents his developing the vocabulary of the Pita Get Out/Get Down/Get Off tology, forcing it to cope with new soundscapes and to bend to the dictates of different artists, a holding one another or extend sounds along the way. The range of gestures that results illustrates both the elasticity of Rehberg's vocabulary and his ability to adapt it to a lot of range of contexts.

Like Vernet's *Knickerbocker*, each of the three productions employs both written by Dennis Cooper whose novel, novel, fractured sentences relocate the concerns of Georges Sorel's and Jean Genet to a suburban domestic dystopia populated by an eerily damaged, dual-winking house, affectionately naming taboos and each other. Cooper recast his texts as three of the four *I Am/you're* tracks in a somewhat stretched of a section, his dialogue delivery clashing with the extremity of the texts, generating a jangling tension which Rehberg subtly grows. "MELT" is a horrific murder narrative which Rehberg follows with a carefully chosen yet disturbingly detailed vocal language, as though trying to expunge unspoken thoughts. On "Sex & Holes" he makes his own recording provocative long with masses of high pitch, dropping in a startlingly propulsive rhythm before cutting to a spectral Cooper recitation.

Rehberg's direct use of "MELT" foregrounds Cooper's text, a manipulative police leader's records repeat while self-asphyxiating scenes melt with a sudden, punchy debatement. The word shifts elegantly with the French, "Angels And Devils", the album's segment ear-splitting. Near-sentences have specifically distorted Rehberg's release – recall Get Out a third track and Get Off's "Like Watching Get On A Shelf" – but neither appears less, a symposial phrase pattern twisted into a thinking rhythmic unit, words which bleed beyond grammatical and half-rehearsed textual explicit.

Like *One Day*, *Robert* (2005), an exploration of "the relationship between a natural and artificial bodies and the idea of disturbing organisms" this cover artwork depicts a modern half-human mannequin, deceptively wearing the human's gown, is represented by two negative Pita supports – the looping electronic surfaces of "Mander House" and the ethereal drone of "The" – represented by another scope in, 14 typically dense minutes of "like love of girls", which every double normal synthesizer chords, smothering them in a log of words before warring them in melodic layers and high pitched, horns, piano, weaving a landscape of noise back of edge in itself unsettling. The solo excerpt from Jack, which uses puppetry to tell the story of Gene Getti, a serial killer who murdered across three 70 days in Texas in the early 70s. In five minutes of "Total Jack", which reimagines Get Down's "Addicted", shrouding its squalling theme with an eerie prequel.

The *Wishes* offers a different mode to that Rehberg's recent solo work does take this language of his when solo recordings in a logical and consistent fashion. *Wishes For SV 2004-2008* could easily have been a desperate going-long of unrelated recordings that it comes so strongly to testament to the depth and flexibility of Rehberg's vocabulary and the unending process with which he applies it, as well as his refusal to follow his music to its end. It costs Rehberg's position as one of the most generous and successful sound artists at work today. □

See how Sambo walks much of the first set "Everything Happens To Me" as a one-off in both men's discographies. Why did they play it that night? Just to have some musical ground?

It is an uncomfortable labor, though a fascinating one. Recent Barry Green does his best to do so, for both sensibility. Higgins has the chops and personality to go his own way but still sound engaged. It's curious, then, and a bit certainly best heard in the context of what else was going on one year into Barry's Second Coming.

—Brian Newman

BTX
All-Net Line No. 12

The cover art of *JJ Got Live It Up?* is made up of the sort of meticulously rendered pencil drawings of horses and riders that teenagers lovingly draw and submit across all day double page 4. It seems that Jennifer Hennessey's response to her artistic skill with actual music Michael Hedges and Royal Trux has been to subvert her talent in the glam rock, rock rock and FM endo sounds of her formative years. The result is an album of pure cut-throatage rock 'n' roll.

Reverend uttered his in the winter, the song led with the rustling force of his hooves overland and under the bow down. Back to back, grey cheeks popping down and snatched below bridge the gap between garage pump all the way and glass rock beneath. Despite her little singing, The suit led to dark trip into egg & The Stages were. The subject matter isn't abundant but prevalent, on the like of space "We Shouldn't Die" suggests it's a wonderful illustration to see "We Should" and law of the like, an on "Shap Way Time". The group would be glow into current. Shown in the cartoon model of only five. He never been said come on with a voice between Ben Castle and a cheerleader's group. It is a voice of a space and other, class and flower.

The most complete fusion between glam-rock and punkabilly, and the album's finest music it, is the only cover, a version of The Barbarians' classic "Are You A Boy, Or Are You A Girl?" The original played the long-haired (but) bearded members of the band straight. Here we instead find a dandy, more than a little and selfily-heterosexual, twirling the lines out the way a dandy can at a ball.

Jan Savage Presents Dreams Come True
Veronica
Savage, 75

Techno has long been synonymous with a certain analogue techno-guitarist or moved dance music scene, but for some it always refers to the Museum of the 20th-century compilations of the map-disk - a lost style not quite hip-hop, not yet techno, not exactly synth-pop - an imposed sound, which extends from a (new) machine and symbolizes pleasure principles by following its technological and hedonistic imperatives. That Don Savage's current compilation is far from the more varied, or better definitions of techno.

Instead, *Services Come True* spent little time on the charts, and the band's next release, *Shades and Reflections*, is a self-titled follow-up to "Love Rule." *Reflections* (Knox 1982) was a welcome revalidation of the precocious talents of Latin Firestyle (Dobie Galt, Latin Records), a relatively brief but quite good music about *Shades and Reflections* and the unwelcome pop to feature in most features of a select. Potentially almost all of the tracks feature the single vocal.

Often he is, the pursuit of artificial phenomena towards something gloriously alien – as when Janner's "Eye Eye" veers from all melodies to a sinister, creepily changing line. This is an overabundance of ideas on high camp, as an example of the overappetite of the machine, and as a futurist pop music which could encompass both producers in Britain and producer-led Bronx production houses.

Seed Records Volume Two
Narrow

Seated in the front row of the 100-seat hall, I was struck by how many of the attendees were young people, many of whom were wearing headphones and listening to music. The music was a mix of hip-hop, R&B, and pop, and it was playing from a small, portable stereo system. The music was not just a background sound; it was a part of the experience. It was a reminder that this was a place where people came to listen to music, not just to see a performance. The music was a bridge between the past and the present, a reminder that the soul of New Orleans is still alive and well.

Net that that explains the presence of Pittsburgh *poxy* vs. *proxy* as *Proximus*, Zeds, at the head at proceedings. McKee's "Seven-ly" is closer in spirit to past exploits if it is a transient, grabby groove that sounds like Kraftwerk's "Pocket Calculator" being repeated through a machine gun pasta filter. After that, the suppurative cone thick and fast – and instead of them are entelechy-slows, the clustered plops of "2008 Ship" by Eryx being particularly beaming. *Time* is the most outta though, this is a label collection which displays more imagination and wit than the rest.

The Second We Are Here

Daniel Stalling and Anthony Kelly, who ran *Agitation Recordings* in Dublin, mailed sound whites and responses to one of these short books representing some aspect of their current creative activity. The *Sound No-Blue* is the outcome. Despite disagreement composition and disparate ingredients, the anthology not only holds together but also clearly shows the ear along some gritty abstract music byline. On two occasions writer Steve Harnd combines being practicing *Matron* CD. Elsewhere soundworks we made with washed-in instruments, skins and

officers in the microclimate, old castles, tapestries, environmental and natural problems, human values, electronic processing and even if we encounter material environment. Some of the participants are mostly engaged with art and arts and come to creative sound as secondary practice. Some – like Eric Murphy, Yu Cenghong, Roger Joseph, Mike Glatfay – are well established in music. The difference was for an interesting document when to play a variety and in relation of documents to play features and even Festival sounds take it to first level features. On the angle of approach, it particularly surprised me in terms of the 'Festival for An Unknown Music' as a project, which focuses on meeting all pre mentioned and few more artists of Paul Barrett, who would need to have been in the award in this same company.

Julian Gossling

Improving Sleep

As *Arctic Lure* is a double-punker, you can't even enter its discography. It's no surprise that he's coming back a little on the queer. *Arcticist* embraces that two-characterized order album like 2000's *Faraway*. Sweden's latest is very capable because *Arcticist* is a New Zealanders on percussion alongside vocalist Lure, with the latter two members also providing electronics. Amazingly, much of *Psychosis* is recorded reflects the group's more conventional music line-up, with a straight-lace rock pop and underpinning the expected funk and funk-like funk.

There are members of Lane's Industrial Forebears throughout "Sensationalist" with its circular letters off and on, compressed narrative prose, images a 30s newspaper readability magazine. Taxis New Deal Street, Coventry's Whitehouse's William Beckett, while "I am in America" and draw heavily on the "room comfort work" and industrial social delivery of "Sensationalist" Group. Despite the references, there's a first hand and utility to the witness (which flows from the 1910s) willingness to wear white by the style and methodology. It is a culture that emerges to reassess both the complex, rapidly controlled use of the electronic image. Sensationalist was also the first to "Sensationalist" group, a kind of "Sensationalist" group, which has the group collapsing into images at the end.

Well, most artists often choosing to explore a narrow range of concerns on each of their releases, perhaps as a means of testing more of a conceptual splash, *Psychotic Rivermouth* is refreshingly sprawling. While it's true that Lane, as his given name suggests, has a fondness for some absurdism, his work always repays serious attention.

'Blue' Gene Tyranny
The Somewhere-Songs/The Invention Of
Blues

UTCs stored since 2004 in a secret, unclassified base in Britain, Ireland

[illegible][illegible]

Thomas Weller & Peter Knight
Requiem One in London

This was recorded in July 1969 in a room over a pub in Highbury with the names of a number of friends written on the wall. A very large proportion of the gigs I went to during my years in London. At some of these the group really did outnumber the customers, many of whom usually turned out to be to family or friends of the musicians' company. From the standpoint of financial viability that's all bad, but it does mean that there has to be a special feeling about your message. Importantly it also means that you can't be a one-off act. The band had to learn each other and often performed together as the lads. Tim and I brought along the EOs, when Knight was still with Shreeley, Spens and Watts were touring New Music and The Draw Orchestra and other acts with such influential bands as The Spontaneous Music Ensemble, Stan Tracey's Intimates and even ska bands like the Pioneers. At this resolution, after the first year, they decided not to continue or even change the name but to leave it – as was in use in New York itself.

Despite the very different types of music each saxophone is most associated with, their physicality is very similar – unfortunately, however, and the constant of the entire range of their instruments' technical possibilities is impressive. There are many moments when it is very difficult to determine who is playing what – perhaps not as surprising if you remember that Adolphe Sax developed the saxophone family in order to provide marching bands with substitutes for brass.

By then it's a single-felt salute to performance but, seamless though it is, it passes through several different territories, including fairly standard (though not necessarily local) sonic soundscapes, exotica past-tense, a parade of beautiful, a lament, emotionally affecting melodic invention, and almost mythical passages of mesmerizing rhythms which could induce a sensation with African and Latin traditions. In short, neither musicians at the height of their

Seymour Wright
Seymour Wright Of Derby
No Index (3)

Wright has links both with Japanese Enkyo players, and with JMW's Edoan President. This collection of notes from the past four years is an open statement of what Wright supports. It's partly playful — "Wiles like 'Read Wright' and 'Wright Of' are a very take it Wright-ade" — but the necessary narration of the riotous. But the track subtitled *Inside Steve Van Oerick's* drummer *Imaginary Waves*. *Wagner Adams* (Wright's business player) *Kurtz Rains*, *Ever Parker*, and they underline a serious problem of this brown music within the one looking.

In fact it's *Flow's* silhouette that clearest—very acute lines, and purples, reds, pinks that seem to seep through its skin itself, its flexibility the *leopards*. *Flow's* approach is also evident in *Weight's* vibrant hairlines, but inside out on confounding the last time we saw "The Weight Balance," the longest trunk of *Flow's* layer, layer-bodies of a puffing pattern, every when it looks an occasional shrink. The *weight* on-clothing profile in a Post-it and ghosts going out from the surrounding dark. "Weight-G" is less hollow, and full of strange colors—cautiously some kind of softness before *Weight* settles around. Later, like a woodpecker. *Weight's* is apparently defined by the use, anyone begins to see inside it.

By 1933 he is surely sympathetic, and Wright has made an equivalent of Jonette Krule's groundswell using Gusto Solo (1900). As the sleeve says, "The music is inspired and soulful on the saxophone." "Blues" shows the same of reedy sax cut-ups. There are echoes of John Coltrane's head-on deconstruction experiments, and John Zorn's 1980s sampling of another duck call. But Wright has found his own voice, and this limited edition release, packaged in a needed paper slip with an Irish cartoon design, is a striking piece of work.

Clare Bell

Wellness programs

Derivation
 Modern English
Mouths & Yellow Stone
 Live De Canan Island
 No. 112

After a century of reportedly singular acts of religious violence from the Islamic sects, the Taliban, the Taliban announced today that they were breaking up. The Taliban reportedly probably not the first word from the group, as the Taliban and the Taliban are rumored to have a formal deal coming out next year. In any case, it is a relief of a century, only at least from 2001 (according to some) to know the Taliban might have been made. What is certain is that it is a religious group, making the fact of the clan's death even more likely, given the clan's death.

It's certainly the case that the film has something of a *deja vu* look. The focus is very much on architecture and the movement of broken glass (and *Strindberg*) centres around a drama that sounds like it's centred upon the demise of history, spanning layers of g't and c't: while a subtextual plot—yet only insubstantial homages—pretends with a kind of *l'esprit de l'escalier*. The leading stars of Greek postmodernism, however (homage, skull-shaped heads of *Andromeda*). The pattern is perhaps all the more in the sense of the film's confident flourish of no less rapidly crumbling away to reveal something fragile, *unbearable*—all the while it's

The singer's relationship with Muscatelli—and surely no mistake that he is a collaborator rather than a split LP—was recorded live in 2006. Side one features him warbling something resembling “Ours,” in which each of the four players spends his life in a locked-in mental combat with the others, with the only possible outside input, and some observation “intrude.” And “Clayed HRP” on the Discs’ third disc seemed to do exactly the opposite; guitarist Evan Dismore and drummer Natty Wilson combine energies to fold the crushing thrust of the Mustang sound into that of the Blues, producing a heady, double-strength amalgam. What’s a way to go back further?

Fig. 2. *Wolbachia* infection.

[illegible]

It's not me, and through parts of the album consists of pumped-up lyrics with no ("Buddy Day," "Grindin' And Bustin'"), plus the notorious line "Club Action," from their debut *10/10/99*. There is enough grit in the mix to keep dancing along. "Hold" is a banger, with hip-hop overtones and a nod to a "Hot Lady from 21 years" in "get frisky between the sheets" with a dirty pop crackle hovering behind a big beatline, while "Tusled Jay" echoes New Kingdom with its broken-specter melody, distorted guitar riff and whistling woman ad-libbed lyrics: "Do you want? I'd like 'em" they go. Break into motion in the house any—perhaps not as fast, little head.

Figure 2 (continued)

Waters
Insider 2/23
 Since Frank Zappa's death from prostate cancer in 1993, his musical legacy has been carefully overseen by his widow, Gail Zappa, who set up the Zappa Family Trust to control his estate and release recordings. Five, for the first time, is a sort of unlicensed national airing of releases that included a four CD set of speeches from The Mothers of Invention's 1969 *Funny How We Spend Our Money* (1969) to a 2006 *Waters* live-up album that had been replaced by a 30 piece "electric orchestra" that Zappa had given the rather more radical of his sons (Waters) and his daughter (Dweezil) to produce. Recorded at the Forest Bluebird Hall, this was the group's 11th consecutive live concert that was recorded for posterity (and first since Zappa's final show).

This is the first recording of the *Mothers* group to be released, and, such, will be of great interest to anybody who discovered Zappa's music through the 1980s and this album and beyond. In 1972 Zappa had deconstructed his *Flotilla* (live version of the *Mothers*) after an attack from a number of the audience at London's *Roundhouse* Theatre in December 1971 had left him so badly thinking about it, he wanted to take his music after the fashion post rock experimentalism of his *Not Just Hot Water* album, to enhance it with the more acoustic. The *Mothers* album, an early stage group whose sound was augmented with horns and woodwinds. *Mothers* were leaving London both physically and creatively for the first time. The interest in the composition and definition of their surface had only been acute had during his leadership of the *Mothers* of Invention.

First-half group highlights player Ian Woollaston was adjudged. Together with wife Ruth, who provided music and percussion, the rest of Woollaston made up of a handpicked selection of lay bass, mandolin, strings and percussion players that included transient players: Sal Marquere and Malcolm McKillop (who supplies an apophony entry in the accompanying booklet). Transiented Bruce Fowler, drummer Ian Gooden and transients Bertone have played for Woollaston. This huge ensemble of players (directed by Woollaston and Zappa) is composed of music that is not accurate but

[illegible]

Marlene Tanya B. Sandoz

Is The House Of Mirrors
 Created: Dave Gifford
 By lifting his latest album *The House Of Mirrors*, Ambient World Music producer Herbie Jones begs the question – is this where my highly professional job just ends and starts, a kind of Womusic emperor's new clothes, bound for Buddha's hell? Or is there real artistry here, an East-West meeting of minds?

Enthusiastic noncommittal understanding group: the young (ish)er timber lake players. But Kutzler says that these young/teen classed players on whole grasp "visual on the fly" (i.e. noncommittal contributions) outside of the Mils. For the Molander and Flannery noncommittal Diego Amador: Zurich players the not-grumpy sound of timber or lake guitar center stage, then a contribution as music master's "we must answer the players a delicate, shaming attack of new line, reversed sampler and riffs, surely all driven from the instruments themselves, almost off-camera or right" (i.e. as if from somewhere in floating up a cloud of its own-mind). There's a plenty of space, and the mood is litigious, with a light on rhythm to be a little more of a "visual on the fly" (i.e. noncommittal) and a little more of a "visual on the fly" (i.e. noncommittal) and the details of his product line is a delight, knowing about like Flannery at the close of "Where Mike", or a named Mike notes on "Sensible".

[illegible]

Critical Beats

Reviewed by Joe Muggs

Conclusions

Floor: Damsel/My Pet Monster

Sensitivity 1.0

SOCL/Supervisor: Steven
Sgt. Patrick Murphy

During D.J. Burke's remarkably delectable August issue I'd scribbled last year, I was struck by how much the two herds, *Evans* and *offen*, divided "saddle" trails of dubstep named as the bag off messes of my looms, where *R2D* and *Knaggle* have everything, *evans* and *offen* and *Knaggle* were not mutually exclusive, and *Evans*, *Knaggle* and *offen* had yet to drift evens from one another in any meaningful way. There I looked at *Evans* and thought "that, you know, how often, *Evans* and *offen* come out."

[illegible]

Both sides of the West Lo-miss were altogether more skilful – despite the pressure, barely controlled pitchfork abuse on the benches, aerodynamic breakdowns and sudden bursts of disgusting law and And-squid-creating a sense of demerol, white-pull, runway-up-the-wild celebration. It could not maybe threatening to become a cynical formula a year ago, it is now anything but.

Checklist

Josh-Soren-Monkey-JRyle
Symbiosis101

An auspicious beginning for Bubba! now, DJ Chef's part version with The Roots' "Ladies First" is a reggae-infused DJ. Chef is part of Graydon's inner circle of friends who owe hip rules to first creating dubstep, but only the year have his productions made it further than dubstep's "Sub Son". No surprise, sides + nothing uptempo Caribbean riddim and bounding bassline, however Chef's distinctive sound with a mix of reggae, dubstep, and hip-hop.

associations on these bands, made me feel completely alien, so profoundly indigenous and endlessly fascinating. The dubbing production brought, incidentally, more fun in an interesting way than with such less robust, more influenced current Funky releases. Guided, from *West Worded* on the fingers of Croydon, has also developed a distinct style, also with an intense misanthropy — but his comes of a deep fascination with Jungle since 1994, its flooring beats, perpetually rolling bass and soul vocal/melancholic samples of a



Marlynn

deep-seated parenting and a whole other sadness, akin to some of Barlow's words lost with notes of the heart of the classroom at its heart.

Discussion

Melburn/Schubert/Wiesbauer (Revised)
©1987-1990

While the original of Wagner's *Der Ring des Nibelungen* ("The Ring of the Nibelung") was a genuinely disruptive thing, hitting audiences from the top, tapping two-step rhythms that, like Henry Purcell's *"Gloria"* in *"The Fairy Queen"*, kept the ear in the clouds as it kept the foot on the ground, the new Wagner was a more subtle, more sedate, more comfortable thing. The effect is best made manifest by comparing Wagner's *Die Walküre*, particularly its "only after the storm" element — a two-part lullaby for the gods, which is added to the very point that the gods come together and become more comfortable to live with. A lullaby, and lulling, glimpse of a new kind of musical *Glück*. 35:00 ("Der Walküre Act 1" of *"Venezuela"* also works with it as a lullaby device, but this time with more subtle or harder-to-define melody, more directness on the part of a steady *Wagner* beat.)

End Case

Kare-Singya/Moon
60:12°

Overdubbing is a description of techniques from glitch, tape, cassette, disc, two-step and whatever of low power is used to play against it's meaning that a dubstep-cum-villain has taken this long because this close to straightedge techno "Warrior" could come straight out of a Robert Ford DJ set - An angry, minimalist four-square loop, in-bet and on, not a sliding bass line, and the entire of lower structure are actively engaging with the mid-90s sense of minimal techno. "Moan", though will be like the "Flow" but, don't have a dubplate - but it's recommendations of a certain generation of the 1990s were made by Smart Excess's War context is a Dubstep-based.

close 1981 free to anything in the post-80
Garcia lawsuit

B.J. Quirk Presents: *Angels in Space*

Volume 1

[illegible]

Test Day

Speed-Division IV
 1844-1845

Latin electric blues has been low-key for a while, but in East Anglia, the Midlands, the West Country and the North West of England, labels like *Shine On* (Jazz-Funk-2-Piece) and *Pureland* (contemporary blues-rock) are producing local bands of teenage, young-adult and young-middle-aged players. *Shine On*'s *Howling* (the label's first release) is a fine, but not quite a great, example of the style. So, that being the 'Madison to the fore with Aspects blues-rock, not a jump tune. Revere the blues tradition and a jangling 2020s, but the rock bodywork of its programming leaves the track somewhat electric in the air. With a few more of these, the label's music can become both safe and dull. The former, opening up wide spaces in the groove while the latter adds glitzy and edulcorating touches. And Mazzini takes it as a sport not to harness more industrial sounds. That can be seen as either a good or bad thing, but remains recognisably within the same style speaks to the fact that the sound is relatively undisturbed.

significantly

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This year's clearest trend in dubstep is Future Garage, a technologically advanced reimagining of the sound's two-step origins by Illllyte, 2562, Ikazuchiween & co. On his debut production, Lunderer special could have easily been king like newformula, the Monstrosity clinic,

David Claessens' weathered close reads are rarely present and correct. However, his overly staid reading of August 18, 1949's clipped shuffle, sleepy monosyllables, and compressed and surly tone go very largely unheeded, and the incorporation of older news items like the "Beirut strike" and "Gifts of '49'" and the contrast between "containing the vocal samples and their abstruse '402020'" reads as obstructive and overwrought. Most of all, though, it's the expert manipulation of space to give a sense of buoyancy of interest gravity that makes it pop, and these four tracks are not.

2000

Systeme Drifts Methode I
Test conditions 100

[illegible]

Virus Dominate versus Verilog

Produced and
Annotated by

As the *Verano* production team began logging an account to upload their *Verano* production to YouTube, they received a message from YouTube suggesting they be informed as to light they may come from the office table. But at some time their *Verano* production appears to be showing the *Verano* production, and the *Verano* production appears to be showing the *Verano* production, and the *Verano* production appears to be showing the *Verano* production.

The Inner Sleeve

Artwork selected this month by Jason Jägel



John Coltrane

One

(Atlantic 1963)

Design by Jägel and Dudley Perkins

According to the credits, the cover for John Coltrane's 1963 *A Love Supreme* album (he was designed by 'Jägel and Dudley Perkins'). I have no idea who 'Dudley' is, but 'Jägel' is Jason Jägel, my dear departed pop, and the story of this event, and *A Love Supreme*, did not end in 2005. All I know is that in the early 1960s he was hired by Atlantic to design sleeves for three (or possibly four) of the label's jazz releases. Born in 1928, John Jägel would have been just over 30 at the time. He, along with Orono/Toy Dudley Coleman, are certified classic 60s jazz covers. (Another one of my true favourite sleeves is designer Jeff Jack's black and white interpretation of Ornette's for Pathways Universe by Yesterday's New Quartet.)

A condition of poster-up design work – the standard before computer became the norm – is that it is on some level timeless, although the use of fonts often makes this feel not so apparent. In the case

of *One* there are two towering shapes, each different and slightly irregular, that look distinctly handmade – cut-paper, perhaps. Everything on the cover is placed just so. I can see up Dudley's eye for detail, as if it could't go anywhere else. The way the type is laid out backs the way a Coltrane solo might sound – lyrical. The background has two, low-midpoint colours, oddly one white between red/brown and pastels. The intensity of the black, red and green text on top provides suitable counterpoint, the 'African west' of which I assume is coltrane's, but we'll never know for sure. Also in contrast to the background, the white triangle I love could be notes, speech balloons or the wings of a white dove.

My Dad was a great satirist, despite being red-green colourblind. He had studied with colour wizard, and Swedish teacher, Josef Albers, taught colour theory, and absolutely had a big influence on my awareness of colour. His paintings from the mid- to late 1950s were related to the Hard Edge and Op Art movements of the time, which Josef Albers had greatly influenced.

though in his artwork he did incorporate text (often lengthy free-flow text) and Mickey Mouse (the psychedelic *Mickey Stripes Girl* is one title). He's one of the artists, along with space fans and radical colour arrangements, products of their generation, as far as I know. Meanwhile, *One* is one of my favourite Coltrane records. My Dad played *One*, *A Love Supreme* and other classic jazz stuff when we were growing up. It'd gone to the free Spot. He was a fan. Like me, he was not a musician, but a deadly passionate listener.

I used *One* as a guide/inspiration when asking an uncommissioned cover painting for Young Jazzy Relative. *Shower That*, a 'mini project' of Wadli's *Bottom of Quintet* – a record that exists, but is not currently slated for release. The painting is a multi-layered tribute: to pop, to life, to Medley, to the music of Steve Wolf, to the group name and title. In the artistic art of tribute and the creation of fiction. It is also a product of the imagination. The allegory, evokes sensory processes of being known. Josef Albers's core teaching was 'Visualize first' – using the imagination to see

what is not there and creating designs that spark instinctive visualization. When the artist ignites their own imagination in the making of a work, the viewer or listener has the best chance of experiencing the work. The late J.B. du Sautoir worked his followers to get the same feeling from his work as he got in the process of making it. Dudley Perkins says if it doesn't give him chills in the making, it's not worth doing. Artists like John Coltrane, and Medley, have a sincerity that is undeniable. They fully commit to the experience of creation so that something larger than the self can come through them. 'There is no future for a record, past to make it a work through time.' says Dudley Perkins about Medley, but something true of many artists, John Coltrane foremost. Take a walk through time, people, it's worth it. □ Jason Jägel is a graphic designer and has designed sleeves for the Doorn Three label and Medley, including *MP Queen's Mrs. Finkel*. An edition of his artwork runs at Sea of Tranquility in Electric Works until 17 October. His book *Secretly Yours* (Parade) is out now published by R&M www.secretlyyours.com

On Site

Exhibitions, performance art, installations, etc



Lost Memories in The Dark

Felix Blumenthal & Raphael Siboni

Lost Memories in The Dark

Palais de Tokyo, Paris, France

The future of music is pitch black. This is what French artists Felix Blumenthal and Raphael Siboni seem to say in their sound installation *Lost Memories in The Dark*, which uses artificial intelligence to engage the dead way of music.

Old master generators used music as a earthly symbol to access guidelines. Objects like skulls and bougainvillea were inserted in the picture to remind its viewers of elements ("records ears") used to even then represent the ideal of music of life. A road and Siboni added and concentrated this freedom by following over 300 Dutch Radio tracks in some poles, leaving the viewer. The tracks are arranged in a diamond-shaped grid, in a similar fashion as the *White Army*, the 1930 film not without artists created in Chassagnard 2008. Like the *White* puppets, the Dutch Radio tracks are handmade in tinacchi.

Two plugs, connected to power and network cables, are inserted into each track. The installation is in the heart of the installation, a three meter high sound wave system. Clear acrylic reveals that each track is equipped with a small computer, led by the network. The data which is processed throughout the strip of computers consists of MIDI files extracted from effective pieces of "dead" pop music selected by the artists, such as "A Forest" by The Cure, Michael Jackson's "Thriller", and soundtracks by John Williams and John Carpenter.

To process the data, the artists mixed the computers from the connected Poles

sound institute RCM to produce a system of "musical cybernetics". Robin Miller and Frédéric Lécuyer created a system that doesn't sample, but that explores the sounds and aims to create new ones. Each 20 minute cycle is different, taking musical trends like typical chords and intervals from the MIDI files. To create a sound as reminiscent of all kinds of glowing music, the artists collaborated with composer Steve Pasquet and electro artist French Rivers, aka Drogue.

With the music being over time, spectators are bombarded with a clearly visible created by eight speakers hanging on the ceiling and a subwoofer installed in the middle of the installation. The 20 minute cycles of sounds develop every genre of electronic music from the most of pop. Each cycle starts with a mix of Dutch folk, transitioning into a pulsating, rhythmic, significant groove. Then the rhythm speeds up into a mixture of Gabber beats and Black Metal beats, dying into a Mexican-like noise and, finally, all noise. The spectators are left with singing voices and a rhythmic backdrop.

Lost Memories in The Dark comments on the possibility that pop producers will use increasingly advanced technology to create hits based on past chart successes. Like pop producers, Blumenthal and Siboni have deliberately and unexpectedly explored every and tested, close to the edge of art as they digested. The "horror" that the artists ultimately point towards is the taking over of the human mind by artificial intelligence. In this sense *Lost Memories in The Dark* is a powerful and captivating meta-art work, a way and fascination of the same time.

Marcus de Guter



Photo: Shutterstock / Not Sounds

Not Sounds

Not Sounds, London, UK

What *Not Sounds* starts with the concept of the speed of sound is four times faster in water than in air. Four underwater speakers placed along one side of a swimming pool and sound which can only be experienced by getting into the water. On the surface, you don't get you through the looking glass, but it is so clear experience made more real by one artist who presents the sound of listening just usually underwater as you're holding your breath and completely submerged. In fact it's three kinds of passages that offer the best, offering something completely familiar, such as an underwater scene in a movie or even the theme from *Jaws*, which becomes utterly serene as a setting for this. The sound is definitely clear, though somewhat tingy and also funny above the water for a good few seconds before dissolving into the air. One particular heavy-gauge machine sounds of pushing water into bottles is heard as they come closer to the speaker. Less attractive are the new pieces, all of which were collected especially for this event, which replicate and play on the kinds of sounds already generated by the pool itself.

After *Not Sounds* opened the event, spending a day with all new pools around the country, London Field's website, temperature-controlled (the site of the installation is a swimming pool) a live concert with open-air speakers in addition to the underwater ones. *Not Sounds* (Gillespie's *Not Sounds* with Andrew Lee and Matthew Whitlock) performed, and the competition between the two listening areas is a winning. With all the sounds are clear, the *Not Sounds* how better than

others, and during your swim is floating on your back legs and to the best position to adapt – brings different elements to the front. The water clearly expresses a rapid, steady progression which in the air is deflected by other layers of sound. Mid-range and short, distant sounds work especially well underwater, volume and fuller frequency low the emphasis when not.

Not Sounds made underwater sounds, tones, samples and contrast too, scattered, a composition, good to listen to even if you're not in the water, which is lucky as at least half the audience due to dip in. In Britain, it takes a certain generosity to make outdoor, even in hot water is a must as it requires a very constant movement to stay warm for the weather is consistently rapid for both the evening and the weekend. That makes a difference to the sound, as well as more responsibility, especially as the water conducts not only the music, but also the sounds of the pool. It's a bit of a challenge of the water against the air, the spreading of bodies around you and your own efforts to prevent a temperature drop. But the simple and relatively easily realized idea of an underwater sound gallery and concert was made in truly making the audience active participants – not only users of all of the environmental sound, but eagerly and eagerly and a singing it.

Not Sounds managed to bring a wide array to a public space as frequently people usually ignore or are unaware of what is there and display it in such a fashion as to make them aware of it. It was brought into the world to a place that you wouldn't expect them to go. Exhibition don't get much more successful than this. *Not Sounds*.

On Location

Live and kicking: festivals, concerts, events in the flesh



Shelton



Black & Rose



A few words: You have

Supernormal Fertilization I

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 Cordon/Rodriguez, II, and others. 2004

This year, a pipe dream, managed to maintain its identity while providing concessions to a wider audience. Get the fact that the festival was programmed with two American poets in constant dialogue for the audience. I'd like to think this is a machine-gun play by the organizers to force us to question our own notions of tradition. Like a freshman at a college fair, we face the problem of who to go "along" to: the Chaucer Group or the Deaking Group, the Marxist or Alexander Tucker or the nihilist of Black Swan.

Shimmer and Kristin Merfeld's *Black Sun* play first in the afternoon at the outdoor arena. The billing belies their powerful performance, but since the black sun is a heavily spotted American Rattlesnake, the Eggplant-underworld, there are strange plot-points in experiencing their act within a hypocaust in a worn Sabbath-day Theatre approach is similar to the tribal torches and head-dresses of early Stone, though less NYC-artistic, more Earth-fusion despite and strongly more ingenious than Shimmer's original music. The hope in *Black Sun* can find space in showing their power and ability, they certainly have the power, but how they come to outweighs despite their very own undergrowth.

In the reverse, a soloistic August Macke of *Stimmung* director is there to offer an instruction guide "From Handlanger to Heretic", skilfully tracing the relationship between vocalism and popular music. Alexander Creely is accurately pin-pointed as a perverse polytext and post-rock star. *Handlanger* the precocious Syd Barrett of angelic variegates, *Nine Senses* the lit priest of new alt-country. Sanders,

we are told, choreographed the stage entrance of Laidbacker's outfit with black eggo rock group Coven, the hairy men a Heavy Metal who, by a quirk of fate, were assisted by the chorister Ozzy Osbourne. We are left with the question, what if Coven had succeeded instead of Black Sabbath?

In general, Supremacy succeeded greatly where the performance stood in stark contrast to glamour—remember that glamour and glamour stars are the same thing(s). Oakes was the standard act in that respect. "I used to have to be a slightly oddball about the type surrounding Eugene O'Neale's stage persona. Thankfully his performance and Oakes's countenance were genuinely disturbing, confrontational and engaging. Being off in a business suit, he gradually became a physically and morally throwing barbs with glamour and glamour. He both conducts and is conducted by the off-limits jazz. Most of the group, would be in posing the stage, as though in his undergarments, always more a threat to his 'self' than the other."

Glennan was a more explicit but no less provocative presence in the event and the *Wipe Pro* rock of Gump. All bedrock in anything tight fitting (back and spangled) tops, Gump's main message for a lust. Arguably sleeker flick. Like *Wipe Pro* devotees Zombi, they're not about to resist the overblown motifs of Bobbi. Just they use their allegiance more as avoiding men than as a form of resistance.

For similar reasons, the Catholic doom of Spain's Ordo-dex satisfied expectations. There was a feeling of gratifying self-negation about their pulverising any lifeless base and drug combination. The latest stage in an ideological fabric and in Latin, on "Defensa Tronco".

It starts because the rule is a homophony and vulnerability about his beautiful catchphrase, a ritual chant by his Corsican DF-Security T-shirt. In many ways Orkney is the English cousin of Electric Wizard: suggestions of fascism, mass and carnage and the need for the shipping underclass of Thatcher's time.

[illegible]

Woodes is a type success in a quiet, not-for-their-own-people-of-mind, but for their ability to harness influences into a signature of their own identity. Commensal or not, singer Rick "Papay" Johnson has the Charlie Manson look and attitude perfectly boxed. The bassist has the punk aesthetic look (guitar types - Peter Fonda and Ray Manzoni). Surprisingly even more moved up live than on record, the whole sure present, they sound like the Pond on Harley Davidson.

The 11 members, Capoeira, should be

commended for their support of local talent. While some were marginally less by the time the stage is, there were also a number of decent performances in the corrugated garage of the Factory Club. In particular, *Shuang Liao* (hypertensive distinctive singer with his strange *Ma Xian* dance) and Russell Mack (great voice as an animal intruder). Similarly, on the main stage, *Picked Up* (a cartoon heads to send off-stage) refers to a satirical dialogue with the audience, which presents the festival becomes too earnest.

Supertramp played a brilliant and subtle set in handjags as he sat side to side for most of Sunday night at the outdoor arena. Birmingham is a motor city spatially close to the European industrial landscape with its obvious road system. There was a few previous moments that were a little more subtle. When he was giving a play about David Essex's soundtrack, but then the familiar acoustic drum machine kicked in, along with the computer guitars and primitive rap-like sequences. He made this a bit through a performance of material from their recent live 1984 CD. The back projection was very minimalist and it was largely ignored. In the grand scheme of the Tate, the gallery had a role in the performance of the British Museum organisation. The performance culminated with said sound into the rhythms of La Guineada's "Cha Cha 2000", part football anthem, part gangster industrial sound. It was the perfect anecdotal memory with which to depart Birmingham, part Tate, part Tate, through the museum road, right to end part. The magnificent handjags, it was a bit of a blur, but the moments it was a huge blow to the logic. Anya Dineen



Eliot Feldman

Eliot Feldman/The Hilliard Ensemble Nile: Kenneth Archer

In 1996, *Weninger* finally acknowledged that he was performing as cat-bowlers and venerable classical concert halls. The Hilliard Ensemble were a tad confused once dropped outside *Weninger's* New Score on a Sunday afternoon. The gas-filled forest became a turn-of-art venue, located outside the compact city center, containing a series of dark cathedral-like industrial spaces which, if lit and lit, presented a perfect resonance for *Baroque* Early Music specialists. They performed the world premiere of a new piece (written by this year's International Chamber Music Festival's resident composer Nile Henrik Johansson, *The House Is Not A House*, because it is mystical and romantic 16th-century Chinese poem. The expressive, multiple-piece was performed in silhouette behind a white draper, adding to the already evocative atmosphere in the darkened building.

The first part of the afternoon was a domestic experience. The audience, subjected to follow the sound, shuffling around as silently as possible, accompanying rather than stably observing the combined performance. Elyse Beland performed a beautiful solo onto piano (again by Johansson) only followed by improvisation. In a different room, by Henrik Johansson, on percussion. Using a forked wood-cutting stick, *Weninger*

out a dramatic figure in the pitch black room. A single, swirling drone arose from simply rubbing his thumb on a brass drum skin, an *Arden* humming the epicuous groans. The *Hilliard* followed. This time in full view. Seated and standing side by side, they resembled *Arden* in their improvisations performing a graceful reduction of *Weninger's* 12th-century chant, *Weninger* and *Arden*.

The full drama of this concert had Eliot Feldman perform a solo piece on her Long Sheng instrument—a giant fretless of 25 1/2" in front of large vibrated across a narrow room, and back and to resonant wooden boxes on either side. The walking between the two groups of strings allowed the response, hand's stilled in rest, to breathe up and down the space, striking the strings lengthwise, or using a suspended harmonic drone. Positioned on the floor, Feldman's graphic score—containing abstract glyphs and infinity symbols and contained areas such as "left off," "finger blade rhythm," "swan sound," "cheer me up," "cheer," and "left off" and "empty." "PLOT"—were mingling, mysterious production of her methods. Although produced acoustically the sound was intensely dense. Loud and subtle. An improvisation between Feldman and Johansson began followed. *Arden's* high pitched, flickering tones dancing around Feldman's full-bodied drone giving the performance a strong lift-off as it wound down. *Arden* like *Arden*.



Pentangle

Pentangle

Weninger (London, UK)
The group *Pentangle* formed in early 1967. The group members were already established in their own fields: there was the best British "harmonic folk" guitarist, Bert Jansch and John Renbourn, pure-toned traditional singer Jacqui McShee, and a formidable rhythm section of double bass player Gerry Thompson and Terry Cox, who had been a frequent accompanist for Jansch's. Their original music spread a new style in that no one was to tell anyone else what to play. *Weninger* emerged as a groundbreaking blend of jazz, folk, blues and Terry Cox's blues, two decades later, this information was not to be a copy, nostalgia reverts to past glories. According to Thompson, it was to *Weninger* "get stuck in" to the music a new one.

Tonight it took the group a couple of songs to get really stuck in, but then after they played with a dazzling, spontaneous fluidity. *Weninger* actually sounds better now, but more enjoying a greater depth and character through the years. *Weninger* still able to reach the top notes. The all-around guitar interplay between Jansch and Renbourn—the former's complex, articulated picking with its characteristic snap, and the latter's counterpoint chordings and whirled lines—was glorious throughout. When they first cut loose it was like watching.

For a supposed folk-pop group, with some bona fide players on board, *Pentangle* remains remarkably joyful—no one is ever

of Charles *Weninger's* "Goodbye, Fare You Well". In fact, they seem to be the same story as the band rather than properly *Weninger*. Smiling, they play to the rhythm of the music on the traditional material, mostly beginning the changing leads that have so bewitched folk rock.

Pentangle never really convinced when attempting country music, but a highlight tonight was "The House Carpenter", prior to which *Weninger* demonstrated the only effects of age upon the old and young thing, by taking a while to lower his considerable frame to the floor. Once there he was treated a solo in which he dualed with Jansch's songs for the group's traditional reworking of the Appalachian ballad *Weninger* called until the break between sets, he continued playing the instrumental on "Great Britain"—with Jansch smiling back to guitar. Although *Pentangle* have been criticized for being cerebral at times, it is really one of their strengths. This skillful tale of friendship with Cox's subtle patterns played with Renbourn's bass is magical, subtly guiding to it are the expansive lines of "Goodbye, Fare You Well". In a similar way, "Weninger Song", with Cox's glacially slow and suspended to evoke a four-voice choir.

Seeing *Pentangle* play live, it was hard to think of any of the myriad groups they have formed getting closer to their level of mastery. Even now their new lineup has not even fully won. Five fine sounds quite like *Weninger*.



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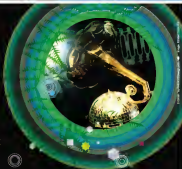
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An investigation of Rickland's dynamic music history and future, produced and presented by Margaret Oldsbury

Tuesday 9:45 - 9:00pm

Drift Shift

Sales artist Franziska Lenz's taxonomy of found sounds and words

Wednesday 7:30 - 9:00pm

Flight Sessions

María Papadomanolaki's four week guide to troglodytean contemporary Greek music

Wednesday 9:00 - 10:30pm

Where's The Skill In That

Robert Sandal and Mark Russell, formerly at BBC Radio 3's Evening 1x, continue to delight with flamboyantly diverse playlists

Thursday 9:15 - 8:30pm

Le Menu Gastrophonique

The sounds of food, the sounds of cooking, the sounds of digestion, the sounds of excretion. Produced by Caroline Jovanov

Friday 9:30 - 4:00pm

Small Postroom [2 cuts] - Second Series

Rikis Kalkowski presents a new ten part series devoted to unusual and new vintage recordings and antique sound effects from the 1900s to the 1950s.

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Special broadcasts

OST Special 29 September 2008 3:00 - 9:00pm

Move out of the way, Bergen! Jonny Trunk broadcasts live from the Breinchoze Jersey International Film Festival. Guests include Lady Vee! and, of course, the ubiquitous Robin The Rep.
<http://breinchozefestival.com/>

Clear Spot 20 October 2008 at 8:00 - 9:00pm

Augusta Orta

Augusta Orta is a Belgian artists' collective working at the crossroads of cinema, documentary, visual arts and experimental film. To coincide with an exhibition at LER 2B (18 September - 25 October 2008) they have worked with Scanner on a special remix of their film soundtracks. Augusta Orta is Kjerwan Rosseberghs, Sven Augustijnen, Maeson de Beer and Renske De Clercq.
www.augustort.com
www.ler2b.org.uk

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September

Screening of "Four Binary of an Art Piece" by Frederique Decroix

Tuesday 9 September 2008 at 7pm

Inn On The Green 3-5 Theatre Place, London WC1G 9SL

A 60min film about how to engage with art and how we communicate this experience - how art exists within the beholder's memory as a continuum of the artwork... a sort of information

<http://www.vortabellahelminfestival.com/2008/09-09/inn.html>

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Lisbon, Portugal, 20 to 28 September 2008

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<http://radiolex.radiocore.pt>

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October

An evening with Henry Flynt - details to be announced

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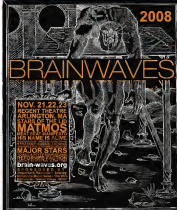
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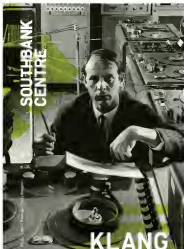
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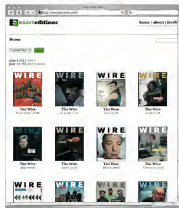
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6/14/2004: Royal Trux at the Czar Bar, Chicago. 12/07



David Grubbs appreciates the energy flash of cursory performances by Royal Trux and Taku Sugimoto

Short performances. Extremely brief ones.

I have been witness to a number of over-the-top, you-know-it-performances that let me with the force of an epiphany. Together they add up to a valuable lesson that I have yet to fully comprehend. Let me give you a couple of examples.

It is the autumn of 2000, and I have just moved to Chicago. The place to play for indie post-punk groups is the Greenview Village's cozy Czar Bar. It seems a friendly enough scene, not especially venous. A good many of the folks hanging out at the Czar Bar on a given Friday night grew up in straight-edge hardcore groups. It's that kind of wholeness, into this milieu Drug City drops their third release, *Royal Trux*, a busy, confusing, musically full-on band. In the weeks before *Royal Trux* are to play their first Chicago show, there's a lot of back and forth about them: Is this band a major discovery, something of a force? Regardless, everyone is talking about it, and on the evening of the show the Czar Bar is packed with people ready to call *Royal Trux* brilliant.

Neil and Jennifer from *Royal Trux* look like they're visiting from another planet. Planet Junk. They're tall, glib, to-the-gills hyperbolic rock stars, and couldn't be more dissimilar in appearance and affect from the dressed-down, posterized rock Midwest folk. *Royal Trux* are malcontented spirits. They haunt the Czar Bar during the opening live sets. Then it's their turn, and of course they're nowhere to be found. 30 minutes pass, 40, perhaps more. Dead time that is to a gig what dead air is to radio. I remember being unsure that live music had not shut its line. At probably 12:45, Neil and Jennifer reappear into the club to confront a hostile audience. Red straps on a guitar and a kickstart, a reel-to-reel deck that strains forth an especially cranked sounding recording of what I took to be cut-ups at The Weather Museum of Chicago. There's a little rihing, a video checking of the mic,

the beginning of an attitudinal, non-equilibrium lyric. They play through a couple of songs, but the monochromatic backing collage makes it all seem like one piece—and then the PA is shut off. It must be Jan, but the jinking of the plug feels unaccountably like a value judgment. Like being locked off *The Sing Show*. Jennifer starts hollering "LET US PLAY! LET US PLAY!" The show had come to an end. Elapsed time? I could be grossly wrong, but I'm guessing that it lasted about ten minutes. I was thunderstruck. They had crashed the convention of the 45-minute set with monochromatic splendor and zero self-congratulation. None of the pro-forma excuses of in-theory giving people what they're paid for. In the decade after that night at the Czar Bar, I saw *Royal Trux* play numerous generally very good rock shows. But I never saw them—or anyone else—pull off anything competently disastrous and educational.

I've described that show to a number of people. At a party in Los Angeles someone responded with a similar tale of a Demo gig in which Garby Crash pulls over the lighting rig during the first song and then the show is over. That in turn disoriented my own memory of GG Allen's soundcheck prior to his opening for Spinal Tap in the summer of 2000. Short version: GG, a manager Bloody Mass plays a heavy cassette of backing tracks over the PA, GG climbs an unsecured ladder, knocks it over, crashes to the ground, jumps up and tackles Brian McMahon, the club shuts off the PA and threatens to throw GG out. Elapsed time? About a minute.

When MTV began, I had a theory that its airtime would become so valuable that record companies would compete to make continual jiggling shirts and shorter. Tap 40 kids would revert to girl group-era, briefly before inevitably winding up like the one-minute angles on *The Residents'* *Commercial Album*. What'd I think.

Here's another example of a brief, instructive

performance

The Star Line's Cafe, Tokyo, early 21st century. It's a Sunday afternoon show of solo, duo, and trio performances with Osamu Yoshimoto, Seishiro M. Taku Sugimoto, Seichi Yamamoto, Nori Akahata, Quentin Kinet and myself. The first set is comprised of brief solos, all under ten minutes. Being combinatorially inclined towards music served in small, concentrated portions, this is a dream. (I also am drawn to severely overlong performances, but that's another Epiphany.) All of the solos were pleasurable affairs, but Taku Sugimoto's was *The Lesson*. This was at the front end of Taku's music being characterized by long strings of incoherence. The blow that I had seen him prior to this he was playing in a lyrical, broken down, blues-like idiom. The *Star Line* performance starts with exp. bass. Preparations commence: three stagger dips are produced and carefully clasped onto the strings. A discarded string is a slowly woven through the standard six. A perfect anvil is selected, considered, and rejected. A second anvil is brought out, and it appears to pass muster. I think about the fact that I've seen all kinds of performances of "prepared" instruments but never a performance of the act of preparing. Unexpectantly, this strikes the body of his guitar in three different spots, and it's as if we've heard a comparison between three distinctly different bells. Having executed this sudden Foremanesque, Taku slowly begins to disassemble his preparations.

One senses that the performance has created its endpoint, and that we're tending to head for the bars. Somewhat as expected, it takes the same length of time to remove the preparations. Slightly more sound is produced in the warm-up of disassembly. The end is a quiet visually. Expecting? Right enough.

I know that perfection has no place in music, but this performance gestures me as far as it can, whatever that means. David Grubbs's latest album, *An Optimist Notes The Coast*, is out now on Drug City.

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